COMICS
KNOCKABOUT

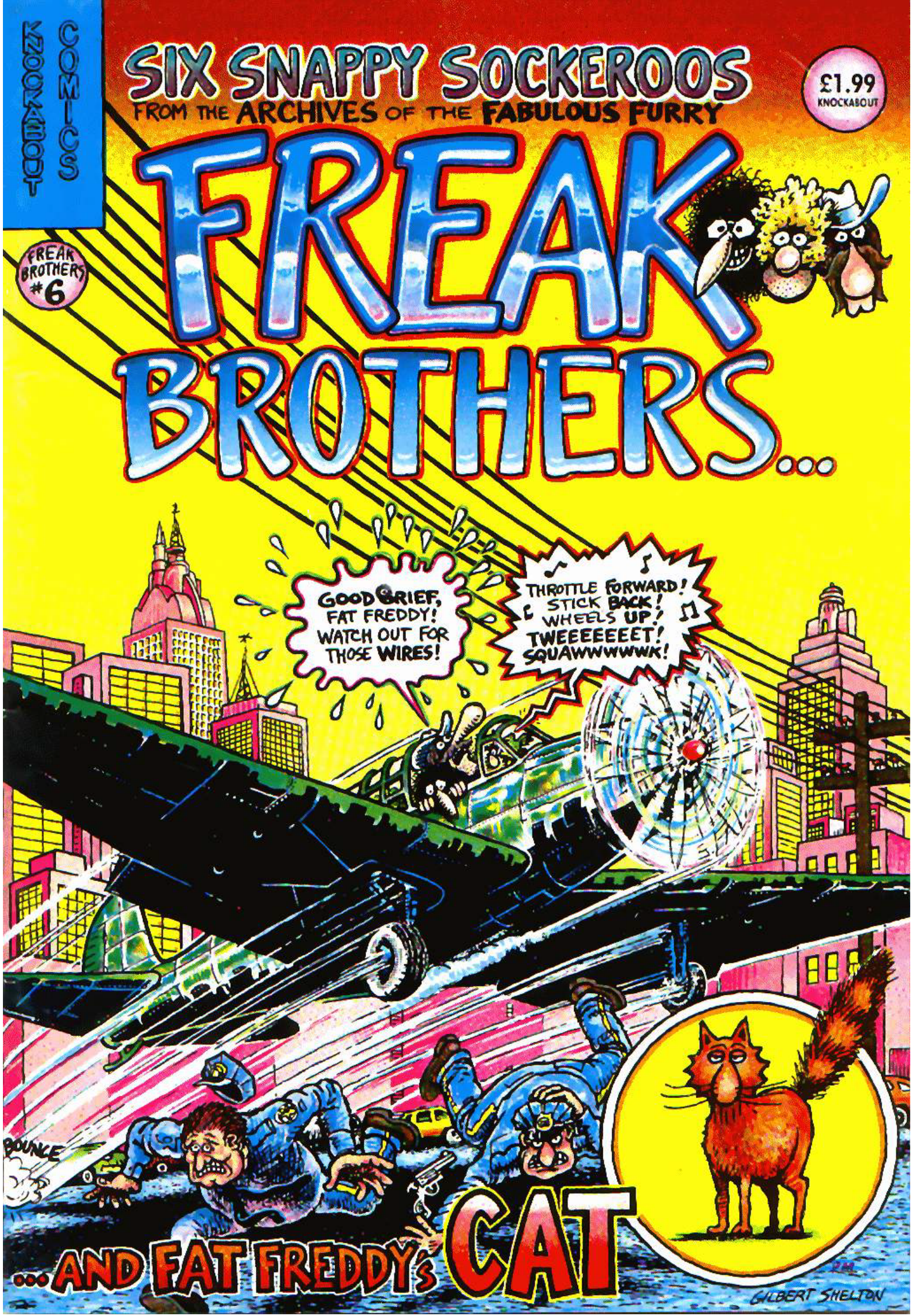
SIX SNAPPY SOCKEROOS

FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE FABULOUS FURRY

FREAK BROTHERS...

£1.99
KNOCKABOUT

FREAK BROTHERS #6



...AND FAT FREDDY'S CAT

GILBERT SHELTON

the adventures of
FAT FREDDY'S
CAT
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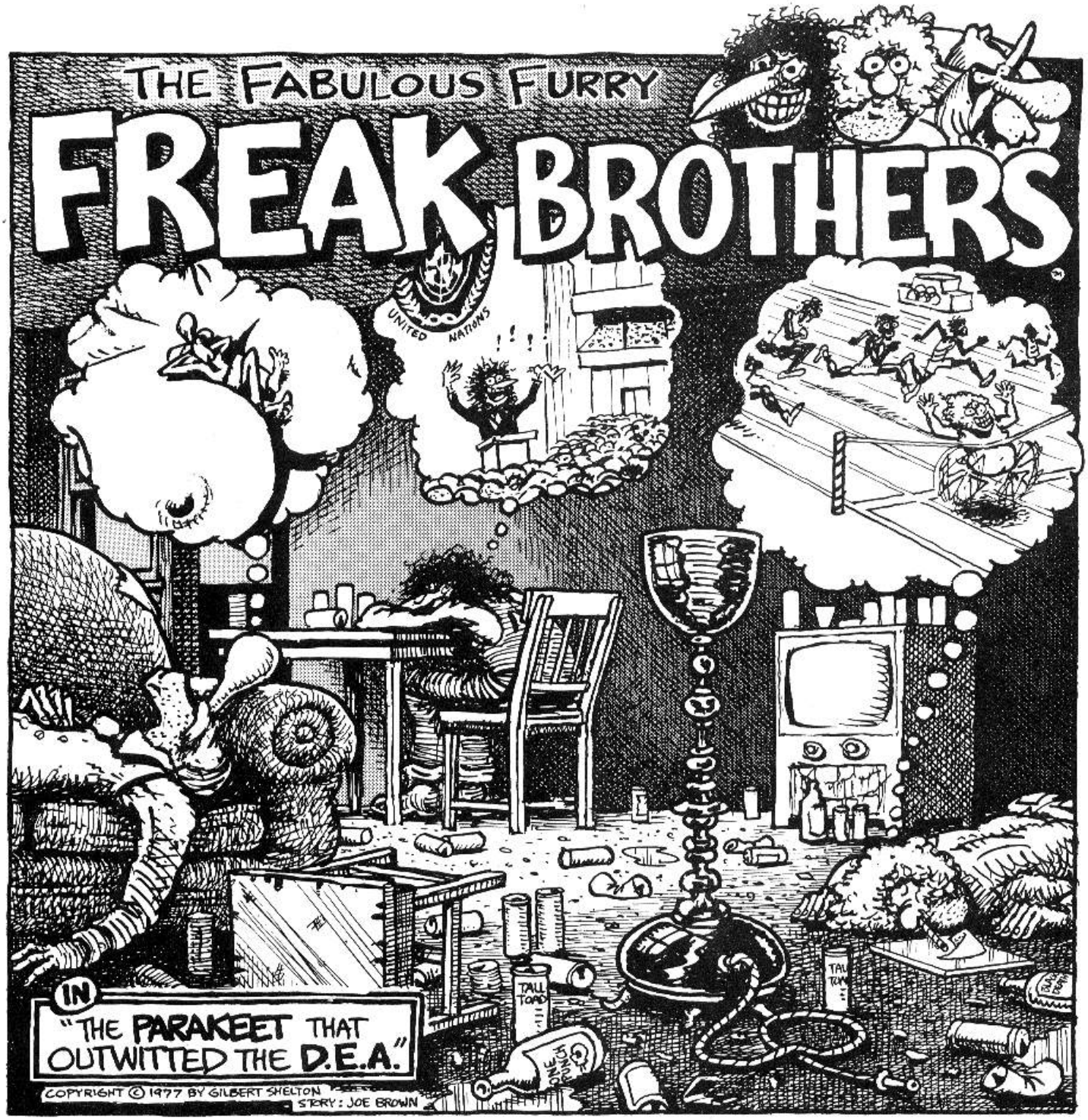
TAP
TAP
SAY, WHY DON'T YOU LET YOUR POOR DAMN CAT INSIDE? HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S FREEZING OUT THERE!
OH, THAT'S WHAT THAT IS, HUH?
I THOUGHT I WAS WATCHING THE CARTOON SHOW ON TELEVISION!


THE FABULOUS FURRY
FREAK BROTHERS
UNITED NATIONS
TALL TOAD
IN "THE PARAKEET THAT OUTWITTED THE D.E.A."
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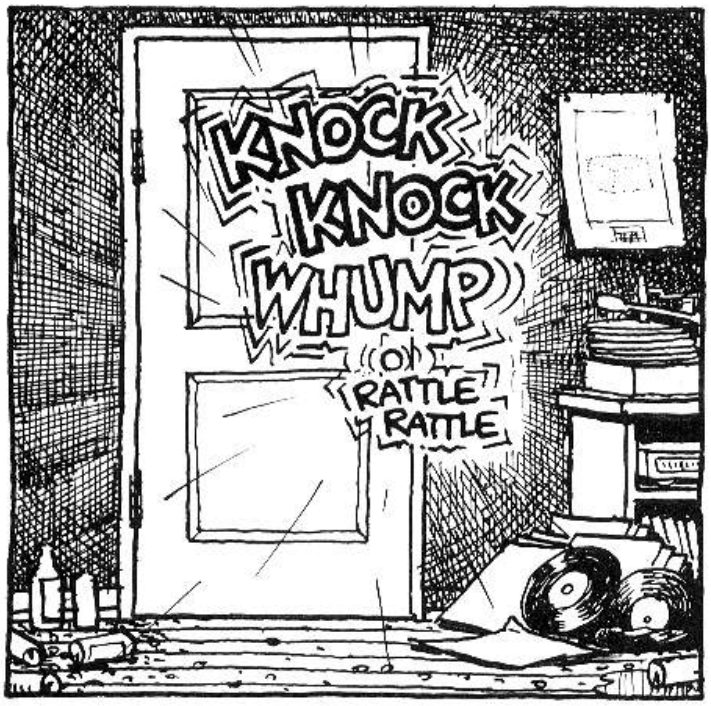
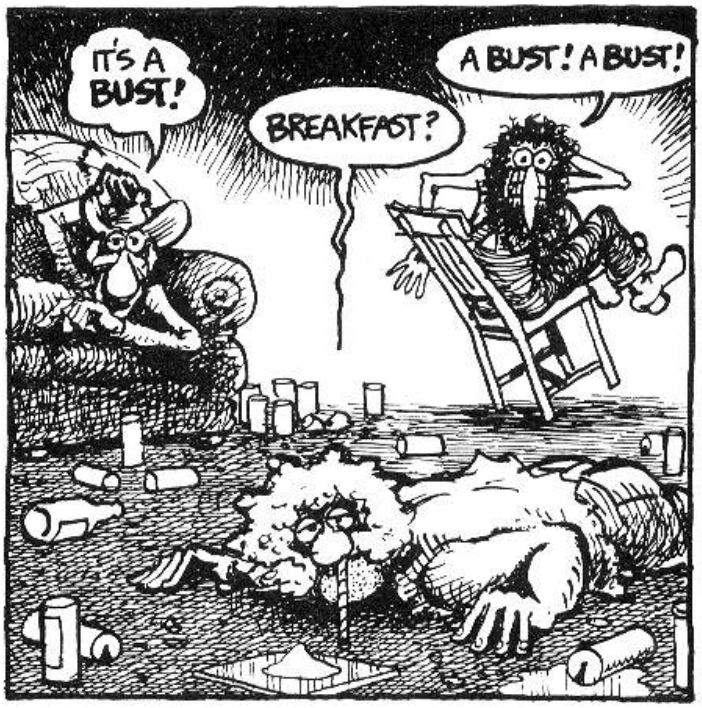
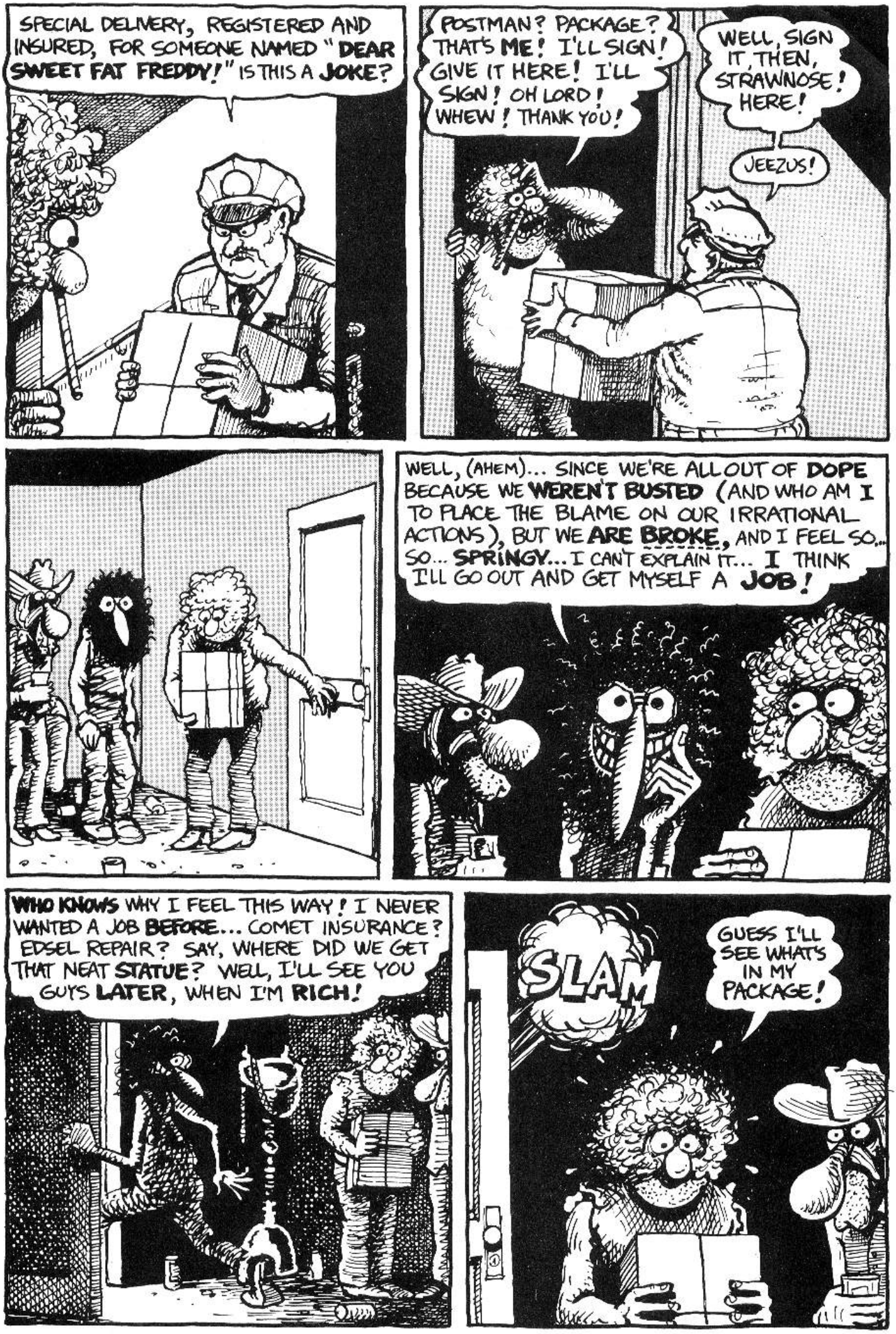
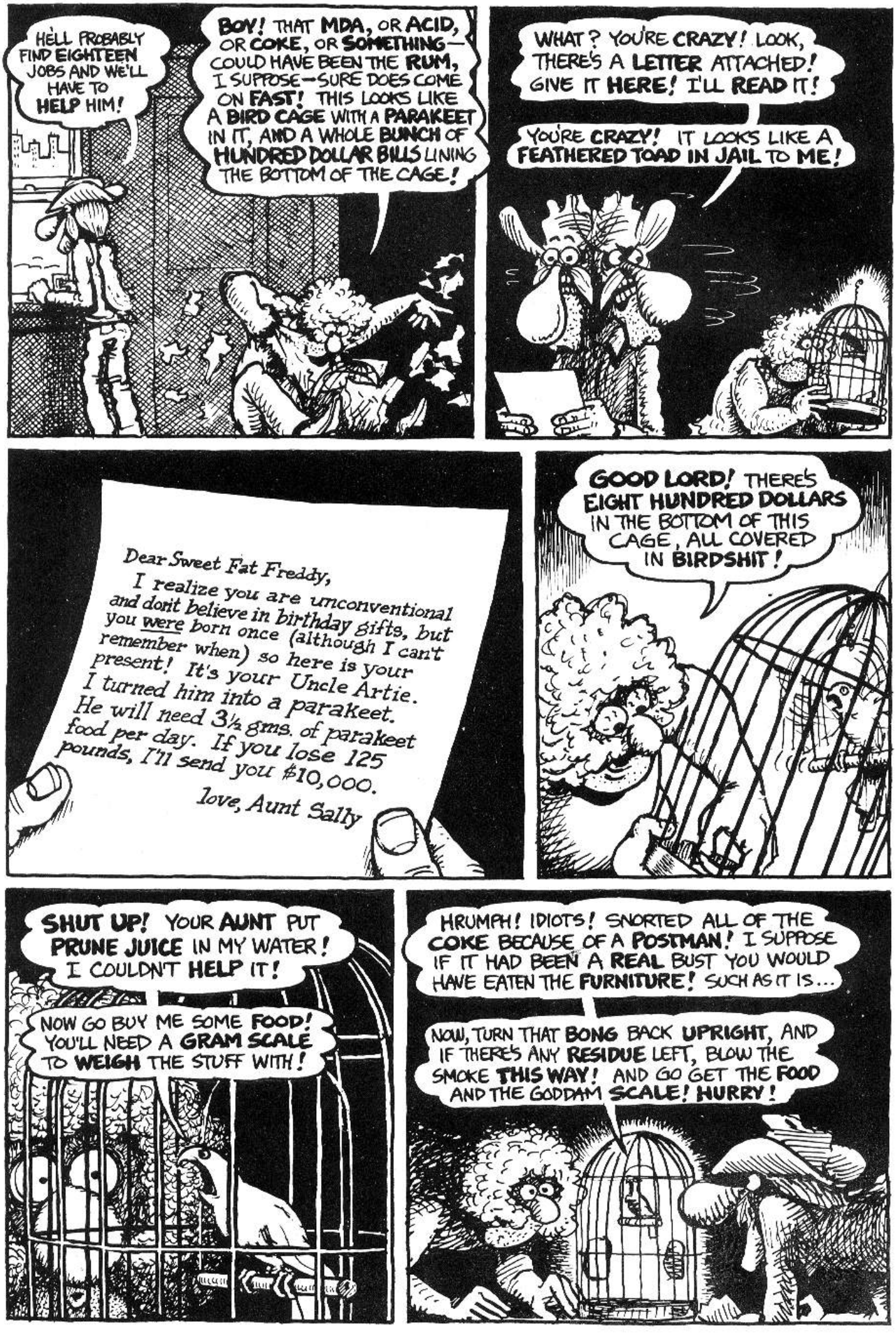
STORY: JOE BROWN

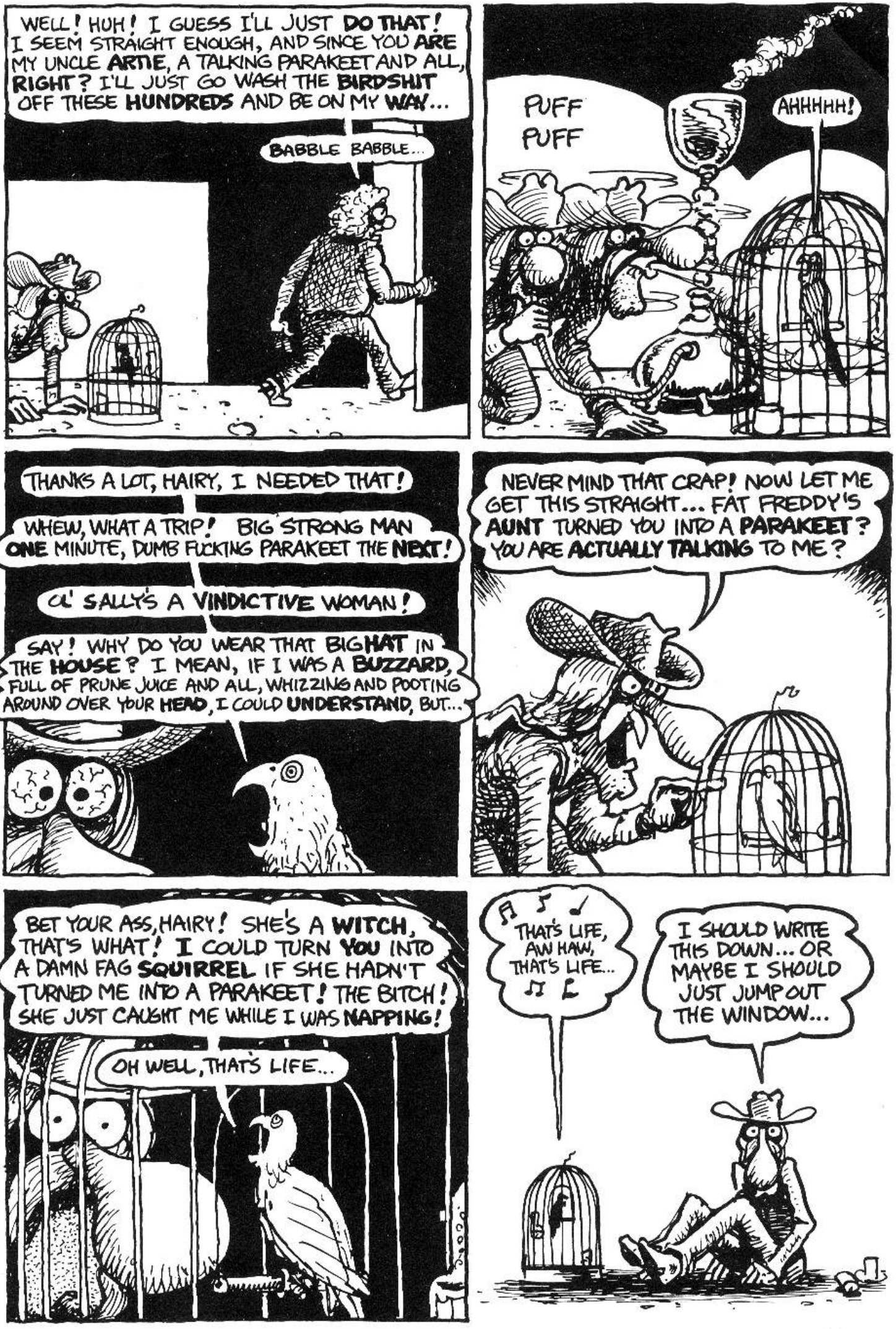

KNOCK KNOCK
WHUMP
RATTLE RATTLE

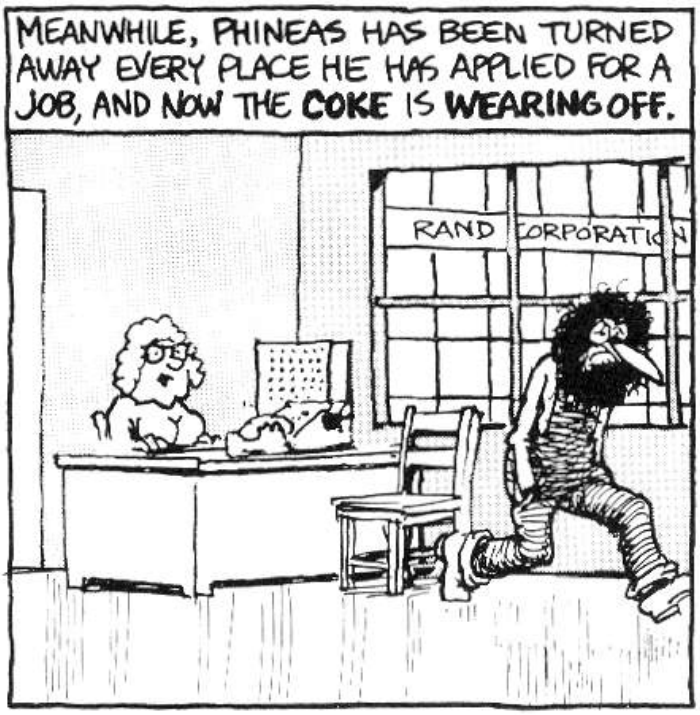

IT'S A BUST!
BREAKFAST?
A BUST! A BUST!

I'LL EAT ALL THE JOINTS AND THE HASH!
CHEW CHEW
I'LL POLISH OFF THIS REMAINING ACID AND THE REST OF THE MDA!
I'LL JUST SNORT UP THE REST OF THIS COKE!
I'LL JUST HELP YOU SNORT THAT COKE!
ROLL RAL RAL
WHAM POUND THUD
QUICK! HURRY! QUICK!
SNUF! SNIRT.
ME TOO! ME SOME MORE COKE TOO!
NOW, TURN THAT BONG OVER SO IT'LL LOOK LIKE A SCULPTURE AND BREAK OUT THE RUM SO WE'LL SEEM NATURAL!


SPECIAL DELIVERY, REGISTERED AND INSURED, FOR SOMEONE NAMED "DEAR SWEET FAT FREDDY!" IS THIS A JOKE?
POSTMAN? PACKAGE? THAT'S ME! I'LL SIGN! GIVE IT HERE! I'LL SIGN! OH LORD! WHEW! THANK YOU!
WELL, SIGN IT, THEN, STRAWNOSE! HERE!
JEEZUS!
WELL, (AHEM)... SINCE WE'RE ALL OUT OF DOPE BECAUSE WE WEREN'T BUSTED (AND WHO AM I TO PLACE THE BLAME ON OUR IRRATIONAL ACTIONS), BUT WE ARE BROKE, AND I FEEL SO... SO... SPRINGY... I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT... I THINK I'LL GO OUT AND GET MYSELF A JOB!
WHO KNOWS WHY I FEEL THIS WAY! I NEVER WANTED A JOB BEFORE... COMET INSURANCE? EDSEL REPAIR? SAY, WHERE DID WE GET THAT NEAT STATUE? WELL, I'LL SEE YOU GUYS LATER, WHEN I'M RICH!
SLAM
GUESS I'LL SEE WHAT'S IN MY PACKAGE!


HE'LL PROBABLY FIND EIGHTEEN JOBS AND WE'LL HAVE TO HELP HIM!
BOY! THAT MDA, OR ACID, OR COKE, OR SOMETHING— COULD HAVE BEEN THE RUM, I SUPPOSE—SURE DOES COME ON FAST! THIS LOOKS LIKE A BIRD CAGE WITH A PARAKEET IN IT, AND A WHOLE BUNCH OF HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS LINING THE BOTTOM OF THE CAGE!
WHAT? YOU'RE CRAZY! LOOK, THERE'S A LETTER ATTACHED! GIVE IT HERE! I'LL READ IT!
YOU'RE CRAZY! IT LOOKS LIKE A FEATHERED TOAD IN JAIL TO ME!
Dear Sweet Fat Freddy,
I realize you are unconventional and don't believe in birthday gifts, but you were born once (although I can't remember when) so here is your present! It's your Uncle Artie. I turned him into a parakeet. He will need 3½ gms. of parakeet food per day. If you lose 125 pounds, I'll send you $10,000.
love, Aunt Sally
GOOD LORD! THERE'S EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLARS IN THE BOTTOM OF THIS CAGE, ALL COVERED IN BIRDSHIT!
SHUT UP! YOUR AUNT PUT PRUNE JUICE IN MY WATER! I COULDN'T HELP IT!
NOW GO BUY ME SOME FOOD! YOU'LL NEED A GRAM SCALE TO WEIGH THE STUFF WITH!
HRUMPH! IDIOTS! SNORTED ALL OF THE COKE BECAUSE OF A POSTMAN! I SUPPOSE IF IT HAD BEEN A REAL BUST YOU WOULD HAVE EATEN THE FURNITURE! SUCH AS IT IS...
NOW, TURN THAT BONG BACK UPRIGHT, AND IF THERE'S ANY RESIDUE LEFT, BLOW THE SMOKE THIS WAY! AND GO GET THE FOOD AND THE GODDAM SCALE! HURRY!


WELL! HUH! I GUESS I'LL JUST DO THAT! I SEEM STRAIGHT ENOUGH, AND SINCE YOU ARE MY UNCLE ARTIE, A TALKING PARAKEET AND ALL, RIGHT? I'LL JUST GO WASH THE BIRDSHIT OFF THESE HUNDREDS AND BE ON MY WAY...
BABBLE BABBLE...
PUFF PUFF
AHHHHH!
THANKS A LOT, HAIRY, I NEEDED THAT!
WHEW, WHAT A TRIP! BIG STRONG MAN ONE MINUTE, DUMB FUCKING PARAKEET THE NEXT!
OL' SALLY'S A VINDICTIVE WOMAN!
SAY! WHY DO YOU WEAR THAT BIG HAT IN THE HOUSE? I MEAN, IF I WAS A BUZZARD, FULL OF PRUNE JUICE AND ALL, WHIZZING AND POOTING AROUND OVER YOUR HEAD, I COULD UNDERSTAND, BUT...
NEVER MIND THAT CRAP! NOW LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT... FAT FREDDY'S AUNT TURNED YOU INTO A PARAKEET? YOU ARE ACTUALLY TALKING TO ME?
BET YOUR ASS, HAIRY! SHE'S A WITCH, THAT'S WHAT! I COULD TURN YOU INTO A DAMN FAG SQUIRREL IF SHE HADN'T TURNED ME INTO A PARAKEET! THE BITCH! SHE JUST CAUGHT ME WHILE I WAS NAPPING!
OH WELL, THAT'S LIFE...
THAT'S LIFE, AW HAW, THAT'S LIFE...
I SHOULD WRITE THIS DOWN... OR MAYBE I SHOULD JUST JUMP OUT THE WINDOW...

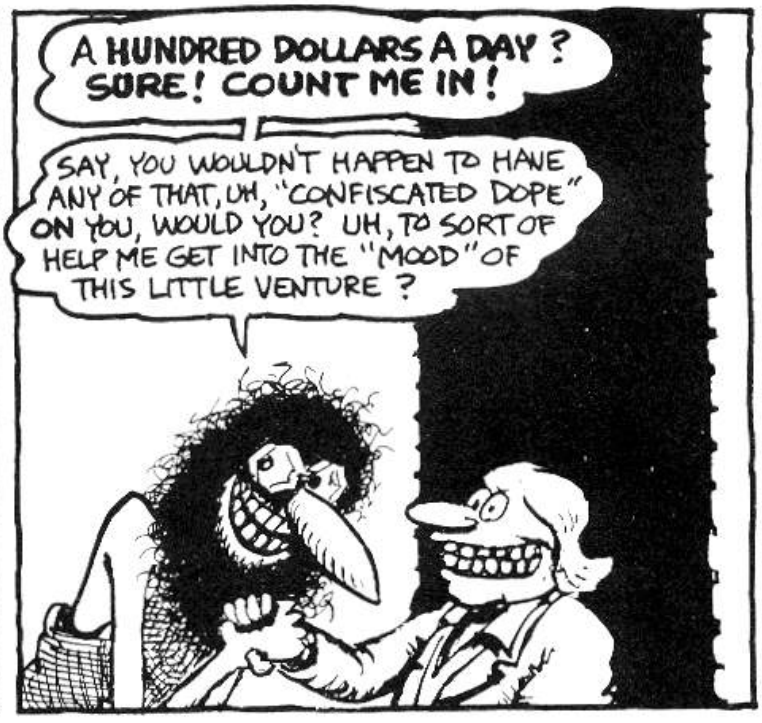

MEANWHILE, PHINEAS HAS BEEN TURNED AWAY EVERY PLACE HE HAS APPLIED FOR A JOB, AND NOW THE **COKE** IS **WEARING OFF.**
RAND CORPORATION

YOU! YOU'RE **PERFECT!** WE NEED ANOTHER **D.E.A. AGENT! ONE HUNDRED** DOLLARS A DAY **PLUS** EXPENSES! AND YOU GET YOUR OWN **D.E.A. IDENTIFICATION,** WHICH (HEH HEH) YOU CAN ALWAYS USE ANY WAY YOU LIKE! YOU'RE A **PERFECT UNDERCOVER NARK!**

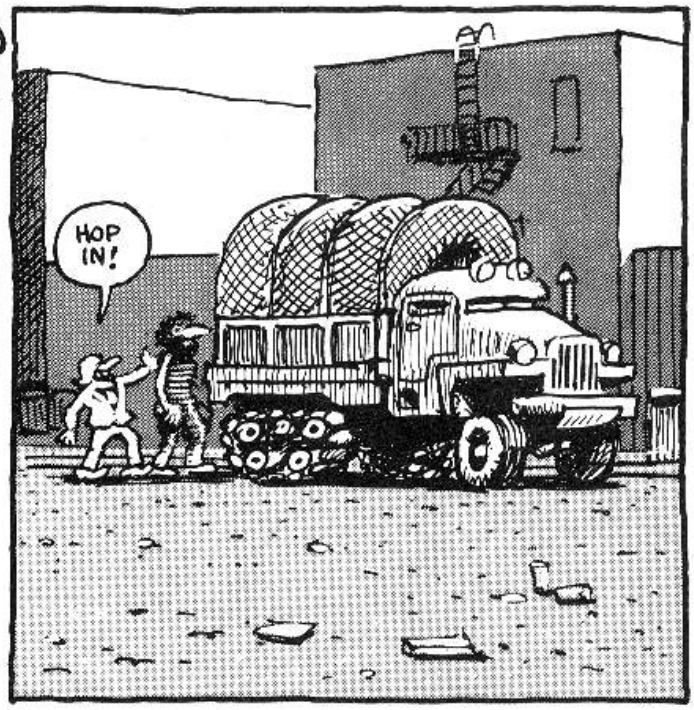
WHAT? WAIT A MINUTE! I'M NO COP! GET AWAY FROM ME! WHERE'S YOUR **WARRANT?**
RELAX, PAL! I'M FROM **DEL RIO PRODUCTIONS, INC.!** WE'RE MAKING A **MOVIE!**

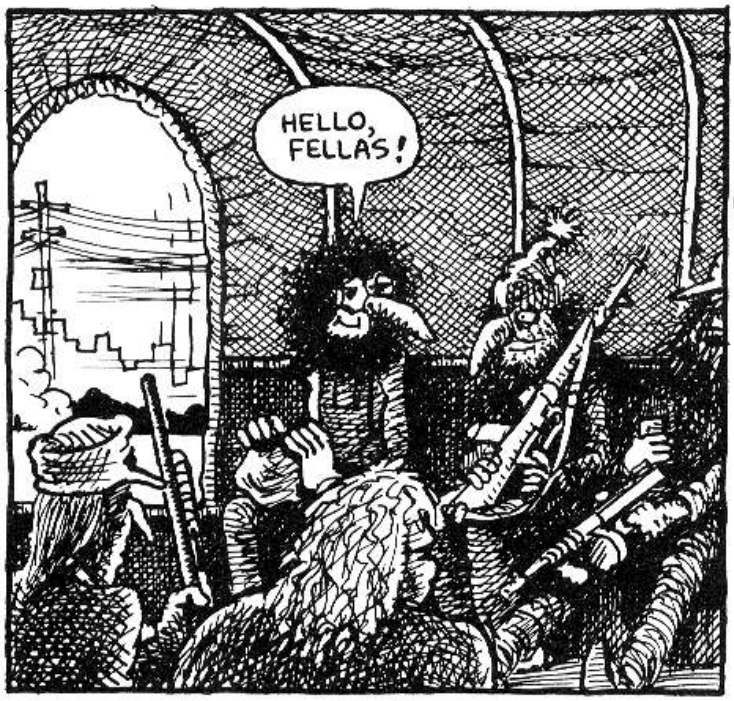
WE'RE A BUNCH OF **D.E.A. AGENTS,** YOU GET THE PICTURE, AND WE COME ACROSS THIS **PLANE** PARKED IN THE WOODS... WE **OPEN FIRE** ON THE SON OF A BITCH... CONFISCATE THE **DOPE**... **GREAT PROPAGANDA** FOR THE **AGENCY**... TOTALLY FEDERALLY FUNDED...

WE NEED ONE MORE SLOVENLY UNKEMPT UNDERCOVER NARC TO FILL OUT OUR CAST (WE'VE ALREADY CAST THE CLEAN-CUT SMUGGLERS) AND **YOU** FIT THE BILL **EXACTLY!**
HOW'S ABOUT IT, SPORT?

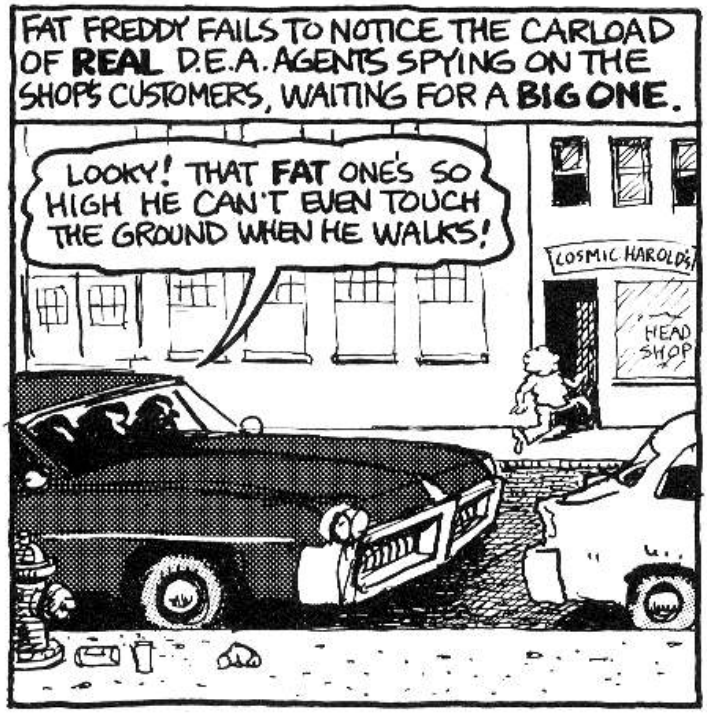

A **HUNDRED DOLLARS A DAY? SURE! COUNT ME IN!**
SAY, YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO HAVE ANY OF THAT, UH, "CONFISCATED DOPE" **ON** YOU, WOULD YOU? UH, TO SORT OF HELP ME GET INTO THE "MOOD" OF THIS LITTLE VENTURE?

SURE, PAL... HERE'S SOME **COCAINE** WE'RE GOING TO "FIND" ON THE "SUSPECTS" LATER ON IN THE MOVIE! TAKE ALL YOU **NEED!**
AND HERE'S YOUR **I.D.**, YOUR **GUN**, YOUR **TEAR GAS**... **EVERYTHING YOU NEED!** IT'S ALL IN THE BAG! NOW LET'S GET TO WORK!


HOP IN!


HELLO, FELLAS!

MEANWHILE, **FAT FREDDY**, BAG OF PARAKEET SEED IN HAND, IS PASSING BY A **HEAD SHOP.**
MY, I HAVEN'T BEEN IN ONE OF **THESE** PLACES IN **YEARS!** THEY USED TO HAVE THOSE CRUDE LITTLE **POSTAL SCALES!** I COULD WEIGH UNCLE ARTIES **FOOD** THAT WAY!
COSMIC HAROLD'S
HEAD SHOP
No.14


FAT FREDDY FAILS TO NOTICE THE CARLOAD OF **REAL** D.E.A. AGENTS SPYING ON THE SHOP'S CUSTOMERS, WAITING FOR A **BIG ONE.**
LOOKY! THAT **FAT** ONE'S SO HIGH HE CAN'T EVEN TOUCH THE GROUND WHEN HE WALKS!
COSMIC HAROLD'S
HEAD SHOP

IF THAT'S **PARAKEET SEED** IN THAT BAG, I'M AN **HONEST MAN!** LET'S BUST THE STORE!
COSMIC HA D'S
HEAD SHOP

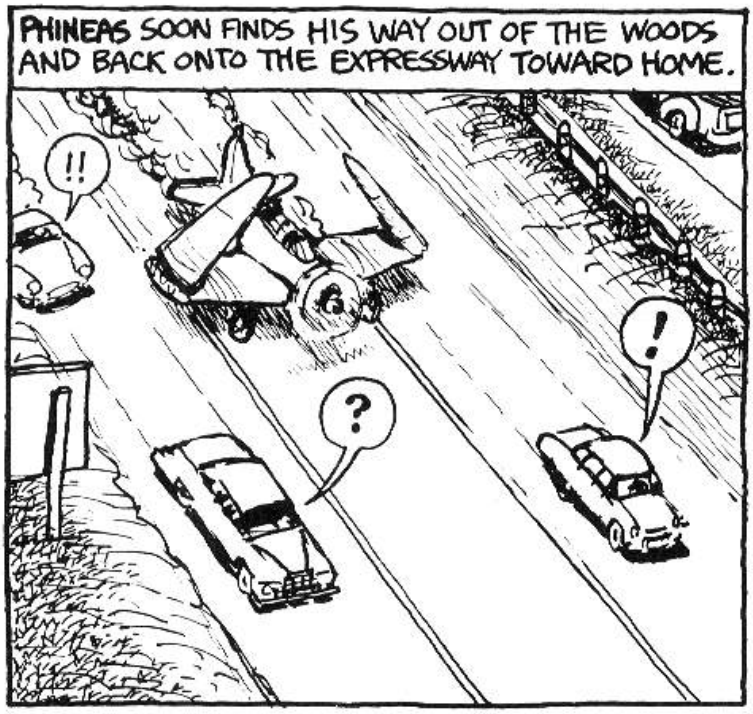
NO! LET'S WAIT! THIS COULD BE SOMETHING REALLY BIG! OPEN UP SOME MORE BEERS AND LET'S SIT TIGHT!
I SAY BUST THEM NOW! I'VE GOT TO PEE!
SHUT UP AND PEE IN YOUR BOOTS LIKE YOU ALWAYS DO WHEN WE'RE ON STAKEOUT! THIS COULD BE REALLY IMPORTANT!
INSIDE, FAT FREDDY MARVELS AT THE MODERN HEAD SHOP, WITH ITS TRIPLE-BEAM BALANCES, PLATFORM SCALES, AND A PANORAMA OF PARAPHERNALIA OF ALL KINDS.
WOW! LOOK AT ALL THIS STUFF! THINGS SURE HAVE CHANGED!
CAN I HELP YOU, SIR?
SCALES
SCALES
SCALES
AHEM, UH... YES! I WANT A SCALE TO WEIGH GRAMS OF PARAKEET SEED FOR MY UNCLE ARTIE!
HEH HEH, OF COURSE, SIR! WHAT YOU WANT, IT WOULD SEEM, IS OUR TRIPLE BEAM BALANCE, ACCURATE TO A TENTH OF A GRAM UP TO 610 GRAMS, MORE OF COURSE WITH THE EXTRA WEIGHTS, OR PERHAPS, IF IT IS THE SORT OF PARAKEET SEED THAT GOES UP YOUR NOSE, YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN OUR CENT-A-GRAM BALANCE, ACCURATE TO THE HUNDREDTH OF A GRAM...
...THEN AGAIN IF YOU SOMETIMES HAVE NEED OF WEIGHING LARGE AMOUNTS OF (AHEM) "PARAKEET SEED," YOU MIGHT LOOK AT ONE OF OUR PLATFORM BALANCE SCALES, SOME OF WHICH HANDLE UP TO 300 POUNDS!

WOW! I'LL TAKE ONE OF EACH!
THOSE LITTLE ONES LOOK LIKE JUST THE THING FOR UNCLE ARTIE, AND MY AUNT SALLY TOLD ME SHE'D GIVE ME TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IF I LOST A BUNCH OF WEIGHT, SO I CAN USE THE BIG ONE!
YES, SIR! ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?
YEAH, I NEED SOME PAPERS! WHAT KIND DO YOU HAVE? ZIG-ZAG? BUGLER?
HA HA, SIR! HERE IS OUR ROLLING PAPER SHELF! WE HAVE 198 DIFFERENT BRANDS!
JESUS! I'LL NEVER MAKE UP MY MIND! JUST GIVE ME TWO OF EACH! AND WHAT'S ALL THIS STUFF?
ROLLING PAPERS
WELL, SIR, HERE WE HAVE 86 DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF "PARAKEET" SPOONS AND SNORTERS, PARAKEET OIL PIPES, PARAKEET HOLDERS, HUNDREDS OF TYPES OF PARAKEET HASH GEAR...
YOU JUST NAME IT, SIR! WHATEVER YOU NEED FOR YOUR PARAKEET, WE'VE GOT IT!
LORDY! I'LL TAKE ONE OF... NO, WAIT, MAKE THAT THREE OF EVERYTHING!
I'LL GIVE MY ROOMMATES A PRESENT!
THREE... OF... EVERYTHING?
YES, I'M GOING TO NEED THIS STUFF! I CAN JUST FEEL IT!

30 MINUTES LATER:
THAT'LL BE, ER, $798.47, SIR, WITH TAX!
HERE, MY GOOD MAN! EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLARS!
SORRY ABOUT THE PARAKEET SHIT! IT WOULDN'T WASH OUT!
COSMIC HAROLD'S
HEAD SHOP
No. 14
THAT GUY MUST BE THE BIGGEST DEALER IN TOWN! WE'VE GOT TO FOLLOW HIM!
HE'LL PROBABLY LEAD US TO THE BIGGEST BUST IN HISTORY!
MEANWHILE, IN THE DENSE WOODS OUTSIDE OF TOWN, PHINEAS AND THE MOVIE CREW ARE WANDERING AROUND LOST.
GOD DAMN IT! WHERE IN HELL IS THAT MOCK AIRPLANE WE'RE SUPPOSED TO SHOOT UP AND BUST? HAS ANYBODY GOT A MAP? WE HAVEN'T GOT MUCH MORE LIGHT!
...GOD DAMN D.E.A. WANTS A GOD DAMN PROPAGANDA FILM AND THEY CAN'T EVEN PUT THE DUMMY PLANE IN THE RIGHT PLACE!
LOOK! THERE IN THAT CLEARING! THAT MUST BE THE PLANE!
MUTTER MUTTER...
THANK GOD! SET UP THE CAMERAS!
ALL RIGHT! BRING THE LIGHTS OVER THIS WAY A BIT!

OPEN FIRE, MEN!
BOOM! BOOM! DADADADADA
BLAM! BLAM!
FIVE MINUTES OF UNINTERRUPTED FIRING LATER:
OKAY, YOU DIRTY SMUGGLERS... D.E.A. HERE! YOU'RE SURROUNDED! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!
OH, NO! THERE WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE ANYONE IN THAT PLANE! WE WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE MURDERED THEM ALL BEFORE WE ORDERED THEM TO SURRENDER! THOSE POOR INNOCENT GUYS MUST BE SCARED TO DEATH! WE'D BETTER CATCH THEM AND EXPLAIN IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE BEFORE THEY GET TO SOME CHEAP LAWYER AND HARRASS US!
WAIT! STOP! HALT! WE CAN EXPLAIN!

HMM. I'M TOO FUCKED UP TO GO RUNNING THROUGH THOSE WOODS! I'LL JUST GO SIT DOWN INSIDE THAT PLANE AND WAIT UNTIL THOSE CLOWNS COME BACK SO I CAN COLLECT MY PAY!
I'LL BE DARNED! IT'S LOADED TO THE GUNWALES WITH REAL DOPE!
I MUST BE DREAMING! TOP QUALITY WEED! COCAINE! OPIUM!
BANG!
NOPE, NOT DREAMING!
SNORT
THOSE FOOLS ARE GOING TO BE BACK AT ANY MOMENT, AND UNFORTUNATELY I CAN'T FLY A PLANE!
...BUT MAYBE I CAN DRIVE A PLANE!
WITH THE WINGS UP, IT SHOULDN'T BE MUCH WIDER THAN A L.T.D.!
WHIRRRR CHUFF CHUFF WHIRR
THERE SEEMS TO BE A DIRT ROAD OVER THERE, LEADING OUT OF THE CLEARING!
BUMP
BUMP
BOUNCE
VROOOMMMMM!

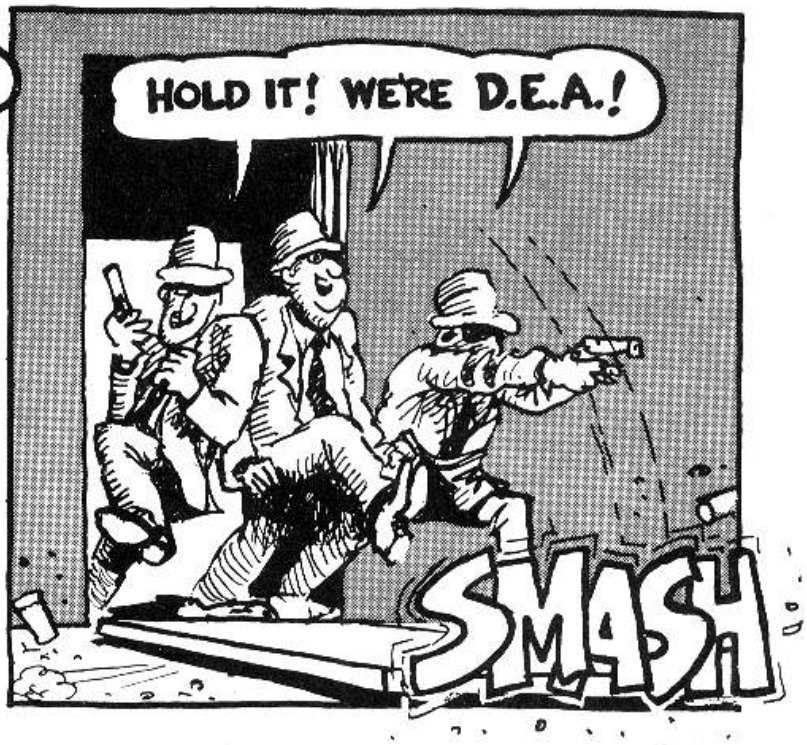

PHINEAS SOON FINDS HIS WAY OUT OF THE WOODS AND BACK ONTO THE EXPRESSWAY TOWARD HOME.
!!
?
!

YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT AN INCREDIBLE FIND I MADE!
SLAM
CLICK

CRASH

HE JUST WENT INTO THE HOUSE NEXT TO THAT DOUBLE-PARKED ROCKET!
HOT DAMN! MAYBE EVEL KNIEVELS BEHIND THIS! I ALWAYS WANTED TO NAIL THAT SHOW-OFF!
JUST LET ME DUMP THIS PEE OUT OF MY BOOT AND LET'S NAIL 'EM!
HOP HOP

IF ONE OF YOU FOOLS HAS COME DOWN ENOUGH TO FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS, I KNOW HOW TO FLY A PLANE! I FLEW THAT SAME DAMN THING OFF OF AIRCRAFT CARRIERS BACK IN WORLD WAR TWO!


HOLD IT! WE'RE D.E.A.!
SMASH

YOU HOLD IT! I'M D.E.A. TOO!
ME TOO! I'M D.E.A. TOO!
CAREFUL, I'M D.E.A., TOO!
EVERYBODY SHUT THE HELL UP!
NOW, WHAT DO YOU THREE FAT FOOLS THINK YOU SEE HERE, A TALKING BIRD IN A CAGE?
UH... YES...
...AND DO YOU MEN SEE YOUR SUPERIOR, COMMANDER ARTIE OSBORNE, D.E.A., OR HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING THAT DAMN GREEN BEER ALL DAY LONG, TOO?
WE DON'T SEE ANY BIRDS, COMMANDER!

ALL RIGHT! YOU DRUNK CLOWNS ARE OBVIOUS VICTIMS OF OVERWORK, FATIGUE, AND THE L.S.D. THEY PUT IN THAT GREEN BEER FACTORY AT THE OTHER END OF TOWN!
YOU THREE ARE TEMPORARILY SUSPENDED UNTIL YOU COME TO YOUR SENSES!
NOW, THE QUICKEST CURE FOR YOUR PRESENT HALLUCINATORY STATE OF MIND IS TO GO INTO THE LAVATORY AND, ONE BY ONE, PUT YOUR HEAD DOWN THE TOILET WHILE ANOTHER OF YOU FLUSHES IT, IF YOU CAN MAKE IT THAT FAR!
WE'LL TAKE OVER FROM HERE!
AGENTS FRANKLIN AND PHINEAS, GATHER UP THE EVIDENCE! FREDDY, PUT ME ON YOUR SHOULDER! YOU'RE GOING TO BE PILOT!
PUT THE WINGS DOWN, AND BEFORE WE TAKE OFF, GIVE ME TWO HUGE SNORTS OF THAT COCAINE!
UH, EXCUSE ME, UNCLE ARTIE, BUT, UH... HOW DOES ONE GIVE COCAINE TO A PARAKEET?
IDIOTS! LOOK! SEE THESE TWO TINY HOLES, ONE ON EACH SIDE OF MY BEAK? SEE THOSE? OKAY! YOU STICK A GOD DAMN STRAW PACKED WITH COKE IN THOSE HOLES AND THEN YOU BLOW!
FLAPS UP! PUNCH THIS, CLICK THAT, AND HEAD FOR SPUDVILLE! WE'RE GOING TO SEE AUNT SALLY!
BUT UNCLE ARTIE, SHE TURNED YOU INTO A PARAKEET!
DON'T WORRY, NEPHEW! SHE'LL DO ANYTHING FOR SOME GOOD OPIUM! SHE'LL CHANGE ME BACK! LET'S GO!
WHOOPS! WATCH THOSE POWER LINES!

SEVERAL HARROWING HOURS LATER:
WHY, DEAR SWEET FAT FREDDY! YOU DID LOSE WEIGHT! HERE'S TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!
I'VE GOT SOME FRIENDS WITH ME, AUNT SALLY, AND UNCLE ARTIE AND A BUNCH OF OPIUM FOR YOU IF YOU'LL CHANGE HIM BACK INTO HIS OLD SELF!
YOU MIGHT NOT WANT THAT, DEAR SWEET FAT FREDDY! DID YOU KNOW HE WAS THE SHERIFF OF SPUDVILLE?
HMMM... WELL, HOW ABOUT CHANGING HIM INTO A SUPER DOPE DEALER SO WE CAN GET RID OF OUR LOAD!
ALL RIGHT!
...AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, CHANGE THAT PLANE INTO A CADILLAC!
TINKLE
PING
SPARKLE
CRUNCH
A FEW HOURS LATER:
HERE, BOYS! A GOING-AWAY PRESENT FOR YOU ALL!
GEE, THANKS, UNCLE ARTIE!
A CHICKEN IN A SILVER CAGE?
HAW HAW! CAUGHT HER ASLEEP FROM TOO MUCH OPIUM AND TURNED HER INTO A CHICKEN! THE EGGS ARE GRADE B, MEDIUM, BUT THE SHIT IS PURE GOLD!
PLUUUUCK PLUCK PLUCK PLUCK...
THE END

THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS

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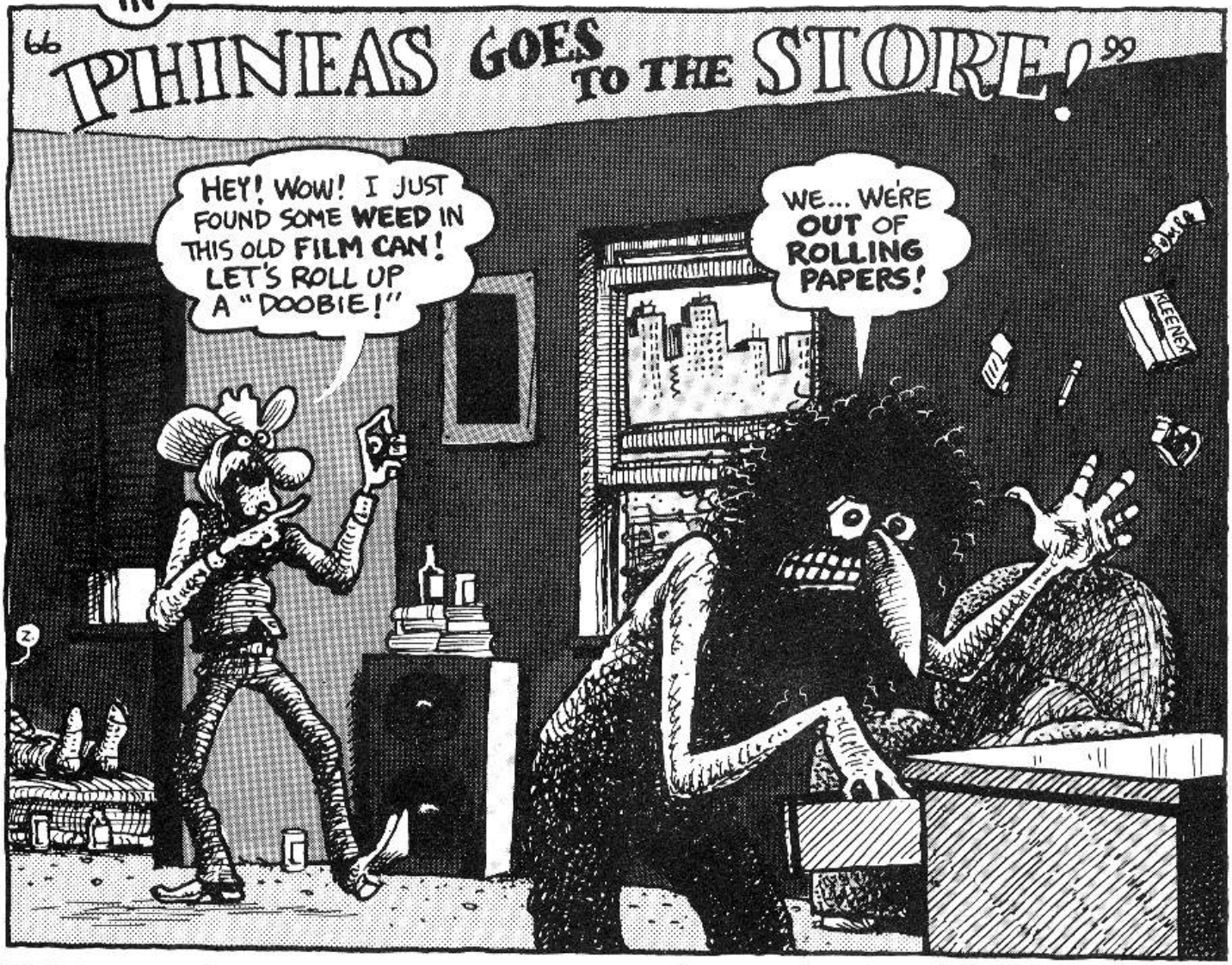
STORY: DON BAUMGART

IN

"PHINEAS GOES TO THE STORE!"



WHAT THIS CITY NEEDS IS A 24-HOUR CIGARETTE PAPER DELIVERY SERVICE!
PERHAPS COMBINED WITH A PIZZA DELIVERY...
PIZZA
STONED AGE HEAD SHOP
ONE PACKAGE OF WET SILK WHITES, PLEASE!
WILL THAT BE ALL, SIR?
HAVE YOU SIGNED UP FOR OUR BIG CONTEST?
WIN YOUR VERY OWN BUSINESS
WHAT KIND OF CONTEST? DOPE SMOKING? JOINT ROLLING?
HEH HEH HEH!
NAW, IT'S A DEAL I WORKED OUT WITH THE WET SILK ROLLING PAPER COMPANY! I CONVINCED THEM TO BUY MY STORE AND GIVE IT AWAY AS A PRIZE TO SOME LUCKY WET SILK CUSTOMER!
JUST FILL IN THIS COUPON!
WIN YOUR VERY OWN BUSINES ENTER NOW
NOW RUB OFF THAT BLACK CRAP ON THE BACK TO SEE IF YOU ARE THE WINNER!
WOW! I WON! I WON! I WON!
DOES THIS MEAN THE WHOLE STORE BELONGS TO ME?
YEP! HERE'S THE KEYS! GOOD LUCK!
WOW! MY VERY OWN HEAD SHOP!
TWO HOURS LATER:
NOT A SINGLE CUSTOMER HAS COME IN IN TWO HOURS! MAYBE I NEED TO WORK ON MY IMAGE! I'LL JUST TRY UNBUTTONING MY COVERALLS DOWN TO MY NAVEL AND PUTTING ON A PAIR OF THESE PINK SUNGLASSES...
HEY! IS ANYBODY HERE?

(GASP!) IT'S A LITTLE OLD LADY!
C'MON, SONNY! I WANT TO BUY THESE BOOKS ON HOW TO MAKE HASH OIL OUT OF GRASS! EVER SINCE I TORE OUT THOSE WORTHLESS GODDAM ROSES AND PUT THE GREENHOUSE TO GOOD USE, I'VE GOT MORE MARIJUANA THAN I KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH!
SAY, SONNY, YOU EVER RUN A STORE BEFORE? I DON'T THINK SO! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A BUSINESS PARTNER? I COULD TELL YOU HOW TO MAKE THIS PLACE INTO A WINNER!
HELP ME, AND IT'S HALF YOURS! WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE?
FIRST OFF, WHY ARE ALL THOSE PEOPLE BLOCKING THE SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF YOUR SHOP?
THEY'RE STANDING IN LINE TO SEE "SPACE-CRAZED," THAT NEW SCIENCE-FICTION MOVIE THAT'S PLAYING DOWN AT THE BIJOU!
WELL, JUST STICK A COUPLE OF THESE LITTLE HASH PIPES TOGETHER AND PRESTO! AN "OUTER SPACE PIPE!" STICK ONE OF THESE DIFFRACTION CRYSTALS ONTO THIS SILVER SPOON AND YOU HAVE A "COSMIC COKESPOON!" DO YOU GET THE BASIC IDEA?
NOW GET OUT IN FRONT AND HAWK THIS STUFF! I'M GOING TO TAKE THAT ISOMERIZER HOME AND TEST OUT THE SON OF A BITCH!
GET YOUR ALL-WEATHER HASH GEAR! SPECIAL WINDPROOF SNORTING SYSTEMS! ALL THE LATEST IN STONED AGE TECHNOLOGY!
(WOW! I'M MAKING LOTS OF MONEY NOW! THOSE PEOPLE STANDING IN LINE ARE SO BORED THEY'LL SPEND MONEY ON ANYTHING!)
HIYUH, MAN! FAR OUT PLACE YOU GOT HERE!
UH... CAN I HELP YOU GENTLEMEN?
WE'LL LEVEL WITH YOU, MAN! WE REPRESENT A GROUP OF INVESTORS OPENING UP A NATIONAL CHAIN OF HEAD SHOPS CLOSE TO THEATRES SHOWING "SPACE-CRAZED!" AH, SINCE YOURS IS ALREADY OPEN, WE ARE PREPARED TO OFFER FOUR TIMES OUR USUAL SUM!
FOR GOODWILL!

WHAT IS YOUR USUAL SUM?
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!
YOU WANT TO PAY ME FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR MY STORE? WHEN?
RIGHT NOW!
HERE'S OUR CERTIFIED CHECK!
WHAT'LL I DO WITH ALL THIS MONEY? I KNOW! I'LL MAKE A MOVIE! IT'LL BE A SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE EPIC, X-RATED, WITH PLENTY OF GOOD OL' SEX AND DRUGS! I'LL CALL IT...
STAR HOOKERS, SPACE PERVERTS AND THE INTERGALACTIC COCAINE WARS!
LOOK, I NEED CAMERAS, LIGHTS, SET DESIGNERS, ACTORS, CATERERS, GOFERS, ASSISTANTS AND GRUNTS! AND NO NEED TO WORRY! I'M PAYING IN CASH!
YES, SIR!
CAMERA CREW
I WANT TO SEE THAT FINISHED SPACE FURNITURE OVER HERE IN ONE HOUR!
CENTRAL CASTING? I NEED SOME GIANTS, SOME DWARVES AND A COUPLE OF PINHEADS!
CIAO!
WHERE ARE WE GONNA FIND A DOZEN ADOLESCENT MARTIAN VIRGINS?
THE 50,000 GALLONS OF FAKE BLOOD ARE HERE, SIR!
OKAY, NOW WE HAVE THE LASER LIGHTNING-BOLT BATTLE BETWEEN THE NEFARIOUS NARCS OF N-3852 AND THE GALAXY'S MASTER DOPE DEALER...
THE MOBILE FILM LAB WANTS TO KNOW WHERE TO PARK THEIR FLEET OF TRAILERS!
THAT CAVIAR PIZZA AND CHAMPAGNE REALLY HIT THE SPOT! PLEASE GIVE THE CATERERS AN EXTRA BIG TIP!
NOW BRING ME ANOTHER SNORT OF THAT COCAINE!
WE'RE ALL OUT OF COCAINE!
ALL OUT OF COKE? I NEED AT LEAST SIX MORE POUNDS FOR THE ACTORS!
MR. DE FREEK, THE STUNT MEN WANT TO BE PAID IN ADVANCE FOR THE H-BOMB SCENE, AND WE'VE USED UP ALL THE CASH!
HOW COULD THAT BE? WE HAD $400,000.00 JUST A COUPLA HOURS AGO!

PHINEAS, THERE ARE FIVE LAWYERS, ELEVEN BILL COLLECTORS, AND A LITTLE OLD LADY IN A WHITE ROLLS-ROYCE WAITING TO SEE YOU!
A LITTLE OLD LADY?
PHINEAS! I WENT BY OUR STORE AND THEY TOLD ME YOU HAD SOLD IT! WHAT'S ALL THIS?
"OUR" MOVIE COMPANY!
MOVIE COMPANY? YOU BROKE YET?
FLAT!
WELL, LISTEN! I'VE MADE A DOLLAR OR TWO OFF OF THAT GALLON OF HASH OIL I MADE WITH THE ISOMERIZER, SO I'LL PAY OFF THESE PEOPLE BEFORE THEY STOMP YOU FLAT! BUT I WANT YOU GIVE UP ALL THIS HOLLYWOOD TINSEL, DRUGS, AND SEX, AND COME TAKE A JOB IN MY NEW COMPANY!
A JOB?
I WANT YOU TO BE OFFICIAL TASTER FOR MOM'S HASH-OIL BROWNIES! YOU KNOW, THIS STUFF'S GONNA BE LEGALIZED SOON AND WE HAVE TO BE READY!
JUST REMEMBER OUR MOTTO, "YOU CAN TRUST MOM!"
I'M LEAVING YOU A BUSHEL OF MY FINEST SINSEMILLA SOAKED IN MY SPECIAL HASH-OIL SAUCE! DROP BY THE HOUSE NEXT WEEK AND WE'LL START COOKIN!
HOME, JAMES!
WOW! YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE ALL THE THINGS THAT HAPPENED TO ME TODAY! BUT FIRST, LET'S SMOKE A JOINT OF THIS SINSEMILLA SOAKED IN SPECIAL HASH-OIL SAUCE!
WHERE ARE THE CIGARETTE PAPERS?
CIGARETTE PAPERS?
I FORGOT THE CIGARETTE PAPERS!
THE END!

the FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS

in "HE WHO HESITATES"

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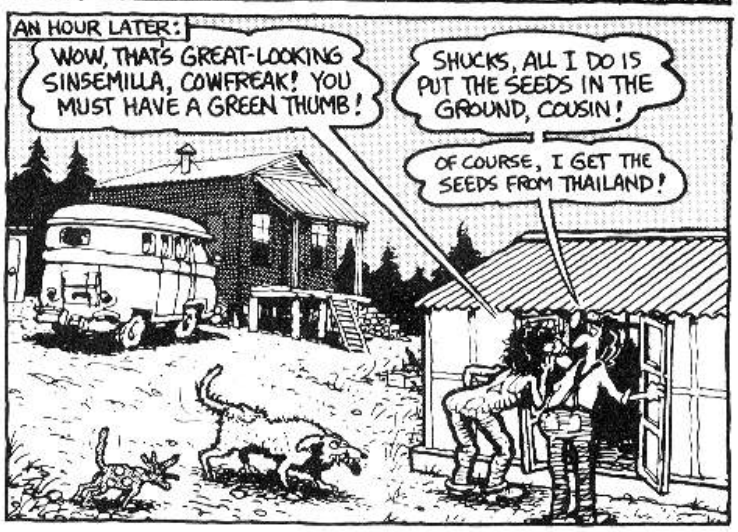
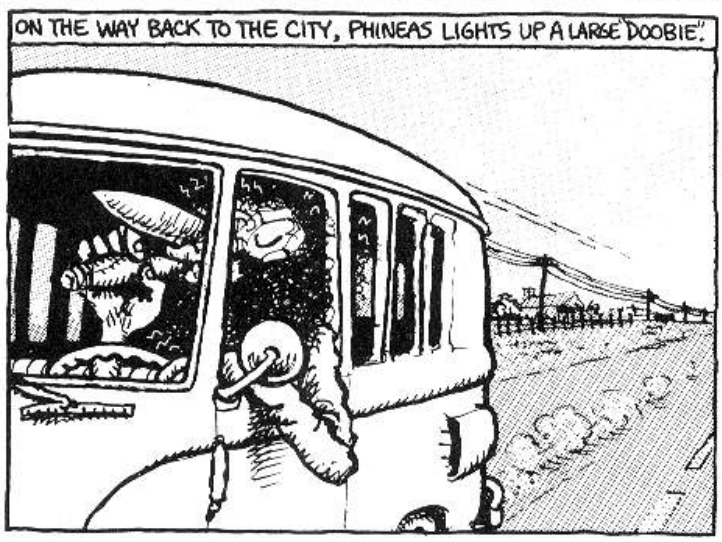
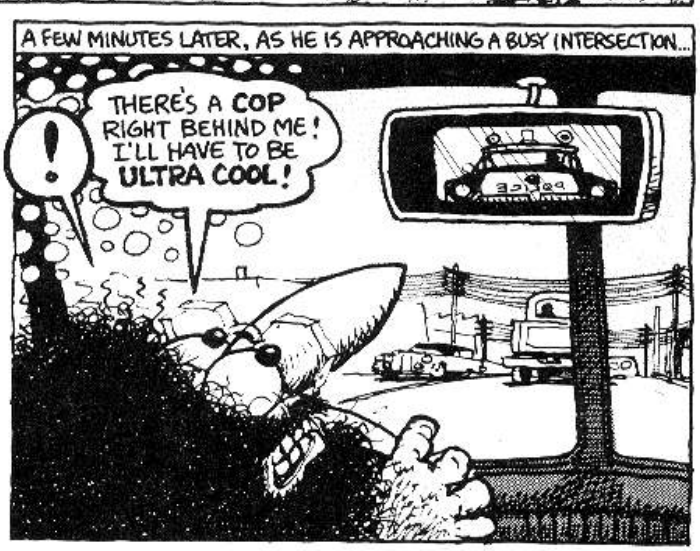
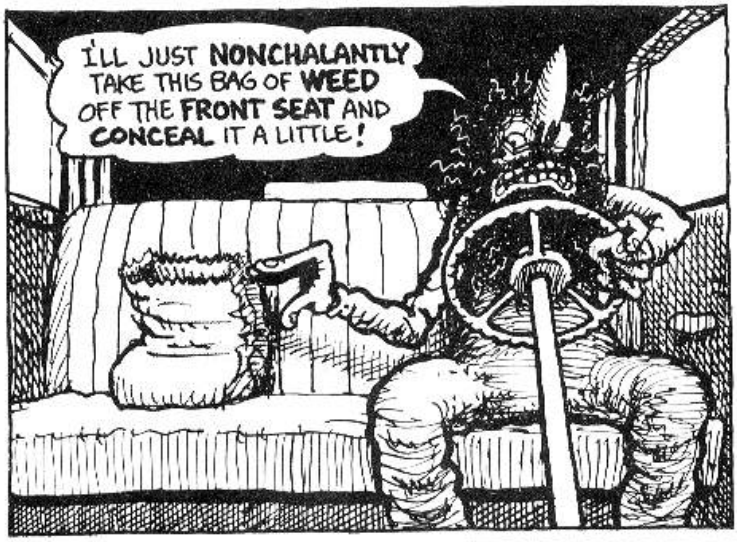
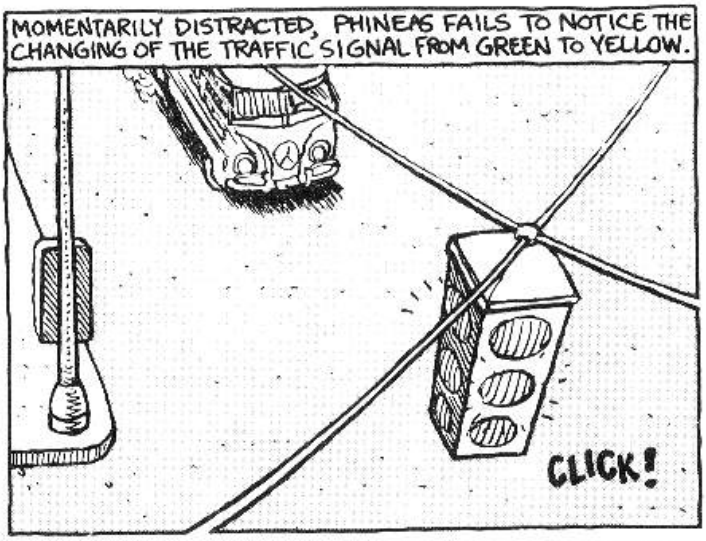
BASED ON A TRUE EXPERIENCE BY MANFRED MROCZKOWSKI





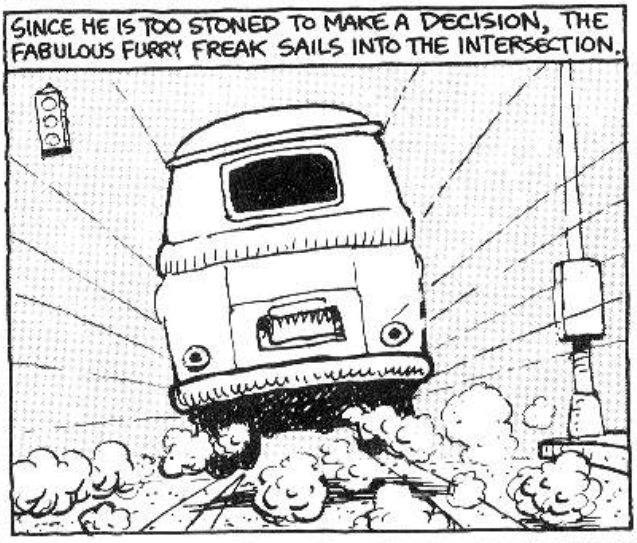


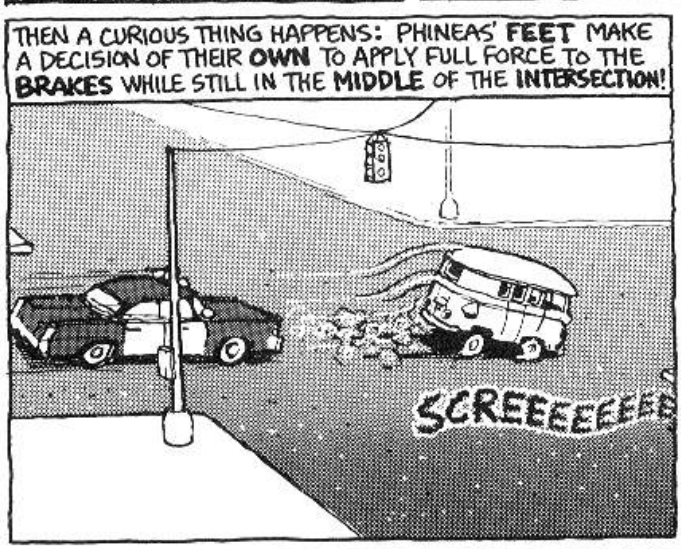

I'LL JUST NONCHALANTLY TAKE THIS BAG OF WEED OFF THE FRONT SEAT AND CONCEAL IT A LITTLE!

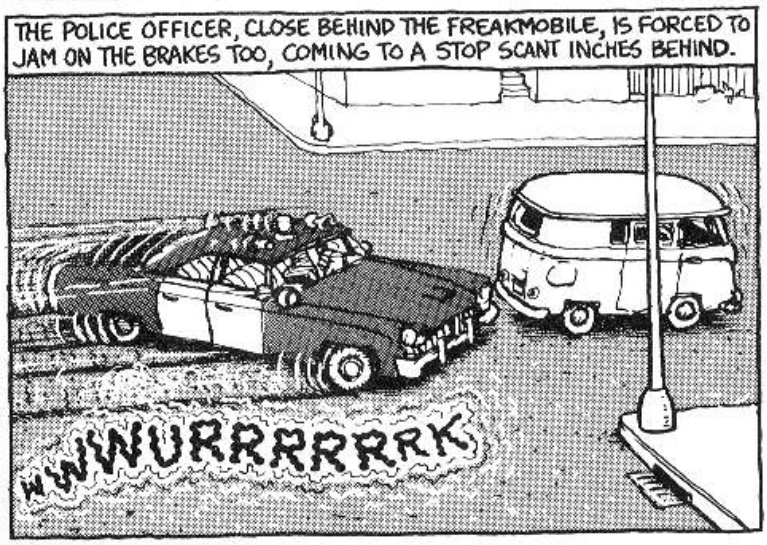

MOMENTARILY DISTRACTED, PHINEAS FAILS TO NOTICE THE CHANGING OF THE TRAFFIC SIGNAL FROM GREEN TO YELLOW.
CLICK!

SEEING THE YELLOW LIGHT AT LAST, PHINEAS IS FACED WITH A QUICK DECISION.
OH, GOSH! EITHER I SLAM ON MY BRAKES, THEREBY MAKING IT LIKELY THAT THE COP RUNS INTO ME FROM BEHIND...

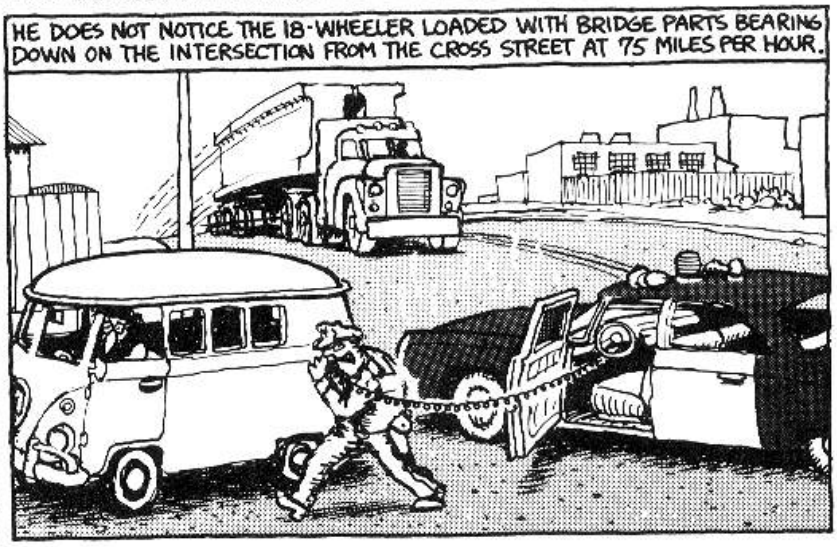
...OR ELSE I RUN THE RED LIGHT AND GET MYSELF A TICKET FOR SURE!


SINCE HE IS TOO STONED TO MAKE A DECISION, THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK SAILS INTO THE INTERSECTION.

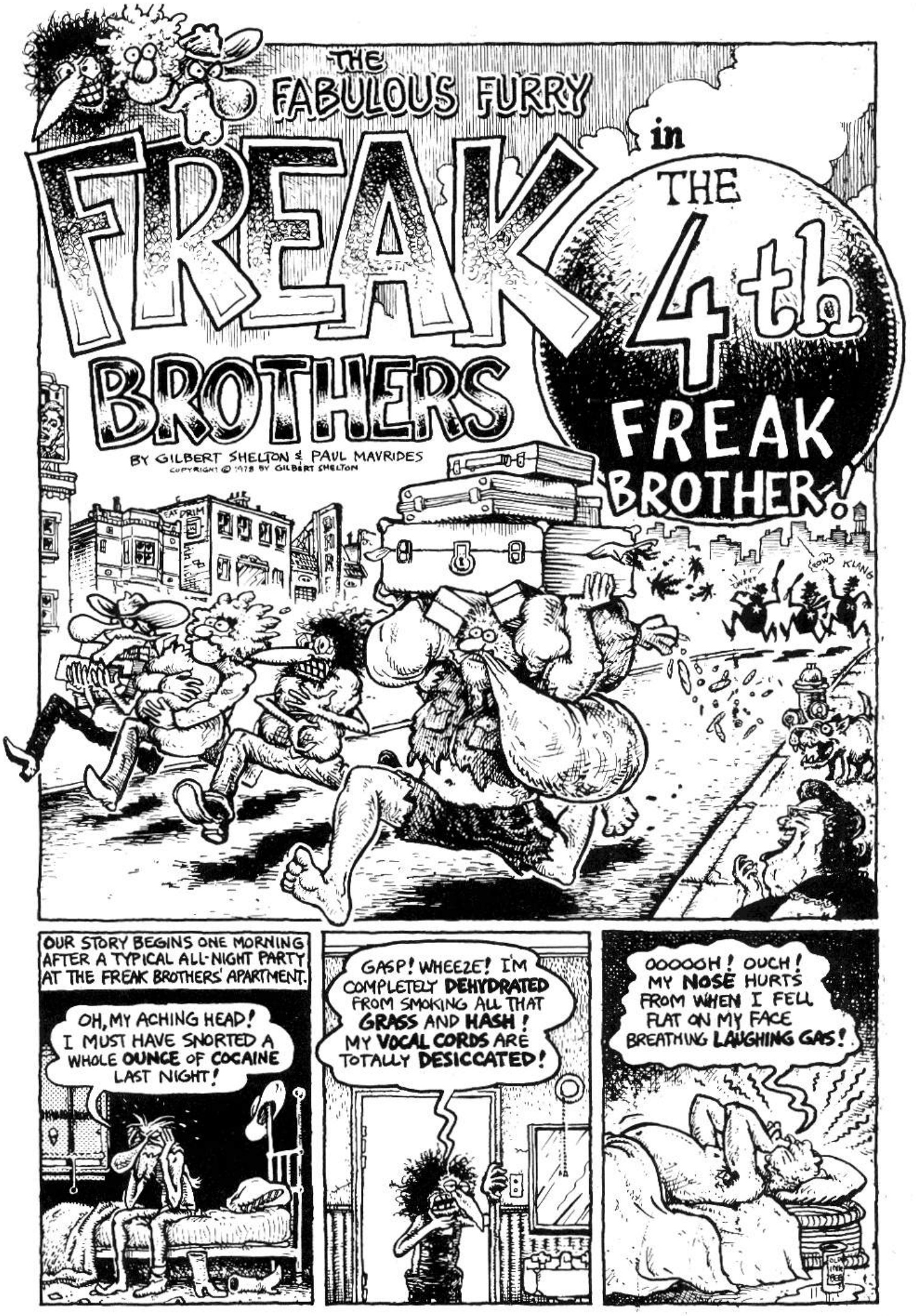

THEN A CURIOUS THING HAPPENS: PHINEAS' FEET MAKE A DECISION OF THEIR OWN TO APPLY FULL FORCE TO THE BRAKES WHILE STILL IN THE MIDDLE OF THE INTERSECTION!
SCREEEEEEEE


THE POLICE OFFICER, CLOSE BEHIND THE FREAKMOBILE, IS FORCED TO JAM ON THE BRAKES TOO, COMING TO A STOP SCANT INCHES BEHIND.
WWURRRRRRK

BARELY ABLE TO CONTAIN HIS RAGE, THE POLICEMAN JUMPS FROM THE PATROL CAR, MICROPHONE IN HAND.
TEN EIGHT HUNDRED AND FIFTY! THREE SEVENTY-NINE AND FOUR SEVENTY-SEVEN! TEN THREE-OH-SIX AND TEN FUCKING TEN!


HE DOES NOT NOTICE THE 18-WHEELER LOADED WITH BRIDGE PARTS BEARING DOWN ON THE INTERSECTION FROM THE CROSS STREET AT 75 MILES PER HOUR.

SMASH!!
SCRAAAAAAPE
SCRAAAAAAAAPE
GRIIIIIND
TINKLE
Pop
FALUMP FALUMP FALUMP CLATTER SQUEEE
THERE, THERE! DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD! THERE WAS NOTHING YOU COULD HAVE DONE!
(SOB! CHOKE!) THEY MAKE US PAY FOR ANY PATROL CARS THAT WE LOSE!
I CAN'T LEAVE THIS GUY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD — HE MIGHT GET HIMSELF KILLED! I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIM WITH ME!
A FEW WEEKS LATER:
PHINEAS, THAT GUY OVER IN THE CORNER SURE DOES DRESS FUNNY! ARE YOU SURE HE'S NOT A NARK OR SOMETHING?
NAW, HE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE! I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHERE I MET HIM, IT WAS SO LONG AGO!
THE END
the adventures of FAT FREDDY'S CAT
BIG PARTY LAST NIGHT!
I'LL JUST TAKE A LOOK AROUND AND SEE IF ANYONE DROPPED ANY GOODIES!
FOUR PIECES OF SALAMI AND A PIECE OF KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN WING! NOT BAD!
BUT HERE'S ONE OF MY FAVORITE THINGS OF ALL!
CLAM DIP EMBELLISHED WITH COCKROACHES! THEY MUST HAVE MADE THIS UP ESPECIALLY FOR ME!
YUM!
SLURP!


THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS
in
THE 4th FREAK BROTHER!
BY GILBERT SHELTON & PAUL MAVRIDES
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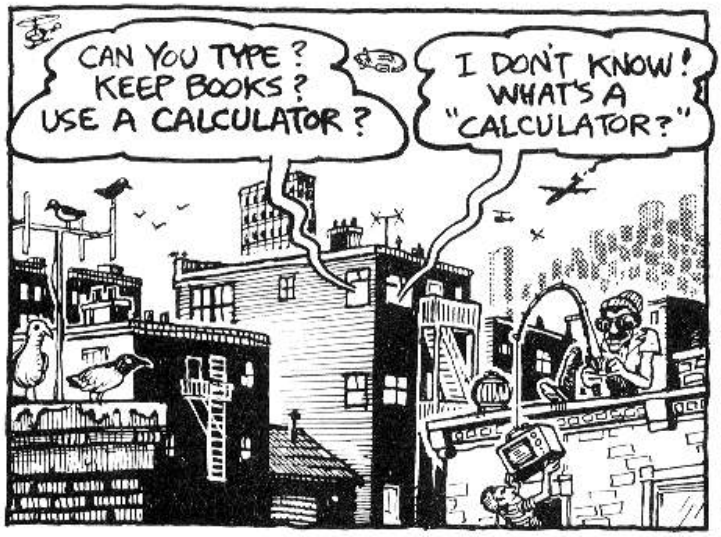
EAT DRUM
KLANS
OUR STORY BEGINS ONE MORNING AFTER A TYPICAL ALL-NIGHT PARTY AT THE FREAK BROTHERS' APARTMENT.
OH, MY ACHING HEAD! I MUST HAVE SNORTED A WHOLE OUNCE OF COCAINE LAST NIGHT!
GASP! WHEEZE! I'M COMPLETELY DEHYDRATED FROM SMOKING ALL THAT GRASS AND HASH! MY VOCAL CORDS ARE TOTALLY DESICCATED!
OOOOOH! OUCH! MY NOSE HURTS FROM WHEN I FELL FLAT ON MY FACE BREATHING LAUGHING GAS!

SOMEONE'S STILL HERE!
HE PASSED OUT IN THE CORNER!
WHO IS IT?
ZNORK
I DUNNO... HE LOOKS SORT OF FAMILIAR, THOUGH...
OH, THAT GUY! HE'S BEEN AROUND EVER SINCE I CAN REMEMBER! HE MUST BE OKAY!
PHNZRCK HUMUH.
HUNH? WHANH? WHERE AM I?
WHO AM I ??
NEVER MIND! JUST HAVE A HIT OF THIS!
I STILL DON'T REMEMBER WHO I AM, BUT NOW IT DOESN'T SEEM TO MATTER!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT! YOU CAN HANG OUT HERE UNTIL YOU GET YOUR HEAD TOGETHER! THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS ARE ALWAYS READY TO LEND A HAND TO A FELLOW OUTCAST FROM SOCIETY!
YOU GUYS ARE THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS? I... I THINK I'VE HEARD OF YOU! YOU GUYS ARE FAMOUS!
I'VE NEVER EVEN TALKED TO A FAMOUS PERSON IN MY WHOLE LIFE, AND SUDDENLY HERE I FIND MYSELF LIVING WITH THREE OF THEM!
I FEEL SO PROUD!
WELL, WE COULD USE ANOTHER GOOD MAN AROUND HERE! CAN YOU COOK?
ER, UH... SOMEONE ELSE HAS ALWAYS DONE THE COOKING FOR ME, I GUESS! I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT!
CAN YOU FIX CARS? THE FRAMMITZ IS ZILCHED OUT ON OUR VAN!
NO, I'VE NEVER WORKED ON A CAR, AS FAR AS I CAN REMEMBER!


CAN YOU TYPE? KEEP BOOKS? USE A CALCULATOR?
I DON'T KNOW! WHAT'S A "CALCULATOR?"

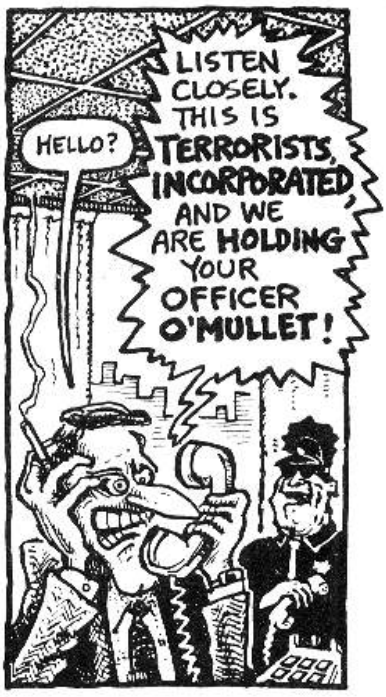
ANYWAY, I THINK WE SHOULD TAKE HIM ALONG ON THE BIG DOPE RUN TODAY! HE MUST BE GOOD FOR SOMETHING!

COME ON, ACE, WE GOT FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS OF BOLIVIAN BOO COMING IN ON THE GREYHOUND THIS AFTERNOON! WE COULD USE SOME TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE!
SURE, FELLOWS! GLAD TO BE OF HELP IN ANY WAY I CAN!
SPROING

MEANWHILE, A SERIES OF EVENTS THAT IS TO HAVE A DRAMATIC EFFECT ON OUR HIRSUTE HEROES IS UNFOLDING DOWN AT CITY POLICE HEADQUARTERS.
I WISH THE PAPERS WOULD STOP MAKING SUCH A BIG DEAL ABOUT THAT OFFICER O'MULLET DISAPPEARING! NOW THEY'RE SAYING IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A KIDNAPPING!
IF I KNOW MIKE O'MULLET, HE PROBABLY JUST WANDERED OFF SOMEWHERE AND GOT LOST!
COP STILL GONZO! HOW MANY MORE?
CHIEF

I DON'T THINK O'MULLET WOULD LET ANYONE KIDNAP HIM! SOMETIMES I THINK MAYBE HE LEFT PART OF HIS BRAIN OVER THERE IN VIETNAM, BUT HE'S A GOOD COP! HE WOULDN'T HAVE GOT HIMSELF KIDNAPPED!
THE NEWSPAPER IS GIVING THIS DEPARTMENT A REPUTATION AS AN EASY MARK! CON MEN AND SHAKEDOWN ARTISTS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY WILL BE FLOCKING HERE JUST TO SEE WHAT THEY CAN PULL!
SWAK

RING!


HELLO?
LISTEN CLOSELY. THIS IS TERRORISTS, INCORPORATED, AND WE ARE HOLDING YOUR OFFICER O'MULLET!

IF YOU DO NOT LEAVE $100,000 CASH IN A LADIES' PURSE BEHIND THE CANDY MACHINE IN THE GREYHOUND STATION BEFORE THREE THIS AFTERNOON, WE ARE GOING TO EXECUTE OFFICER O'MULLET WITH A SINGLE 38 CALIBER BULLET TO THE BRAIN!
...AFTER, OF COURSE, WE FORCE HIM TO PERFORM UNNATURAL SEX ACTS WITH A FOUR HUNDRED POUND YORKSHIRE SOW! HA HA HA!
SNAP
... AND ALSO AFTER WE GIVE HIM A JALAPEÑO AND LSD ENEMA! HEE HEE HEE!
...AND ALSO AFTER WE MAKE HIM EAT POODLE CA-CA! GIGGLE GIGGLE!
DO YOU THINK THEY BELIEVED US?
NAW! YOU LAID IT ON WAY TOO HEAVY! DON'T YOU GUYS HAVE ANY SENSE OF SUBTLETY OR UNDERSTATEMENT?
NOW WHAT CAN WE DO FOR ENTERTAINMENT? HEY, "FUCKFACE AND THE MICROCEPHALICS" ARE PLAYING OVER AT THE ASSHOLE INN! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET YOUR MOM TO DRIVE US OVER? IT'S IN THE PLEASANT VALLEY SHOPPING CENTER!
CLIC
MEANWHILE, AT THE BUS STATION:
THE WOMEN'S PURSE WITH THE MONEY IS IN PLACE BEHIND THE CANDY MACHINE, CHIEF!
THERE WASN'T TIME TO ROUND UP ANY PHONY CURRENCY, SO I HAD TO BORROW SOME REAL CASH FROM THE PETTY GRAFT FUND! I HAD TO PROMISE THEM WE'D BE REAL CAREFUL WITH IT!
AND NEARBY, REFLEXES ARE BEING HONED AND TUNED IN PREPARATION FOR THE SOON-TO-ARRIVE DISGUISED SHIPMENT OF WEED.
WE'LL NEED TO BE ALERT! WE GOTTA SCAN THE PLACE FOR STAKEOUTS!
HOWEVER, WE MUST BE COOL AND STRAIGHT-LOOKING ENOUGH TO AVERT SUSPICION WHEN PICKING UP OUR SHIPMENT OF "COSMETICS!"
CHOP CHOP

...NOT TO MENTION BEING ON TOP OF IT ENOUGH TO HANDLE A HUNDRED-MILE-AN-HOUR CHASE SCENE, SHOULD WORSE COME TO WORSE!
HERE YOU GO, ACE, HAVE A LITTLE SNORT OF THIS, TOO!
WHAT IS THIS STUFF?
IT'S OUR SPECIAL "CRISIS CRANK!" HALF COCAINE, HALF QUAALUDES!
SNORT!
SO, INTO THE STATION COME THE FABULOUS FOUR.
BELCH
THOSE ARE THE ONES, CHIEF! MY UNERRING SENSE OF CRIMINALITY TELLS ME SO!
CANDY? NAH...
... BUT THEY'RE WALKING RIGHT PAST THE CANDY MACHINE! THEY'RE COMPLETELY IGNORING THE "DROP!"
THEY'RE EITHER SCOUTING THE PLACE OR IT'S A DIVERSIONARY TACTIC! THEY CAME HERE FOR THAT MONEY! I KNOW!
KEEP DOWN, SERGEANT! WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT THEM OUT!
TV
GOT A SHIPMENT FOR "MR. GREEN" HERE TODAY?
JUST A MINUTE! I'LL LOOK!
HERE IT IS! NOW, WHICH ONE OF YOU IS "MR. GREEN?"
HE IS!
HE IS!
HE IS!
I AM?

YOU HAVE A HAND TRUCK TO CARRY THIS BOX WITH? IT MUST WEIGH 300 POUNDS!
JUST GIVE IT TO MR. GREEN, HERE! HE'LL HANDLE IT!
COSMETICS
THEY'RE LEAVING! WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE? YOU DON'T SUPPOSE THEY'VE GOT O'MULLET IN THAT BOX, DO YOU? MAYBE THE BUS COMPANY IS IN ON THIS, TOO!
I'D BELIEVE ALMOST ANYTHING IN THIS DAY AND AGE, SERGEANT, BUT THAT REALLY STRETCHES THE IMAGINATION! I'D HAVE TO SAY THAT YOU SPOTTED THE WRONG BUNCH OF GUYS!
CHIEF, I KNOW I'M RIGHT! I CAN FEEL IT IN MY FEET!
DAMMIT, SERGEANT, I'M SURE YOU'VE BLOWN OUR COVER BY NOW WITH ALL YOUR SHOUTING! LET'S JUST PICK UP OUR MONEY AND GET ON BACK TO HEADQUARTERS!
TV
(JESUS CHRIST, WOULD YOU LOOK AT THOSE POOR STUPID HIPPIES! THEY'RE SO WRETCHED AND PITIFUL, THEY MAKE ME FEEL LIKE... LIKE DOING A GOOD DEED!!)
HEY, YOU DUMB HIPPIES THINK YOU'RE GONNA CARRY THAT CRATE ALL THE WAY OVER TO THE TRASHVIEW DISTRICT? WHY DON'T YOU LET ME GIVE YOU A LIFT?
COME ON! HOP IN!
(UH-OH, IT'S AN UNMARKED POLICE CAR! WE'RE CUT OFF FROM ESCAPE, AND THIS DAMN COP IS TAUNTING US!)
COSMETICS
HI! I'M SERGEANT O'RILLY OF THE CITY POLICE! SAY, DIDN'T YOU FELLOWS FORGET SOMETHING? YOUR PURSE, MAYBE? WHAT'S IN THE BOX? COSMETICS? I DON'T BELIEVE IT! MEN LIKE YOURSELVES IN THE COSMETICS BUSINESS?

WE MEMBERS OF THE "INFINITE FEDERATION OF ETERNAL LOVE" ARE USED TO SUCH INSULTS FROM THE LIKES OF YOU! WE CAN TAKE IT, STANDING TOGETHER AS COMRADES!
ALL RIGHT, WHERE'S O'MULLET?
WE DON'T KNOW WHO YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! WE'RE MR. GREEN AND WE DON'T KNOW ANY O'MULLET!
WAIT A SECOND! THAT'S MY NAME! I REMEMBER NOW!
O'MULLET? IS THAT REALLY YOU?
GOOD LORD, SERGEANT, YOU WERE RIGHT AFTER ALL!
YEAHHHH! I REMEMBER YOU, CHIEF! AND YOU, SERGEANT!
WELL, I GUESS WE'VE SAVED YOU, O'MULLET!
WE'VE TOTALLY WASTED THREE WEEKS AND THREE THOUSAND MAN-HOURS, BUT WE HAVE YOU BACK!
YEAH, CHIEF HORRIGAN! THAT SMART-ASS, SELF-RIGHTEOUS, SARCASTIC SON-OF-A-BITCH, CHIEF HORRIGAN! I REMEMBER YOU, ALL RIGHT!
CRUNCH!
...AND YOU TOO, SERGEANT O'RILLY, YOU BIGOTED, B-B BRAINED BULLY! YESSSSSSs, NOW I RECALL!
THWOCK

YOU KNOW, I'VE WAITED YEARS FOR AN OPPORTUNITY TO PRACTICE THE HIGHLY SPECIALIZED SKILLS I LEARNED IN THE SERVICE... HOW TO FRACTURE SKULLS WITH A FLICK OF THE ELBOW... HOW TO SEVER SPINES WITH A DEFT APPLICATION OF THE HEEL... HOW TO PARALYZE USING THE LITTLE FINGER...
... AND I'M EVEN BETTER WHEN I'M ARMED! I CAN SHOOT THE LEGS OFF FLIES AT A HUNDRED YARDS, SO THE SPACE BETWEEN YOUR AVERAGE COPS EYES, ALTHOUGH QUITE NARROW, IS LIKE A BARN DOOR TO ME!
IN A FEW SHORT SECONDS, O'MULLET THE MAD KILLER COP HAS WIPED OUT THE CREAM OF THE CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT.
THAT'S SHOWIN 'EM, HUH, BROTHERS? RIGHT ON, HUH?
BROTHERS?
BUT THE FABULOUS THREE ARE ALREADY A NUMBER OF MILES AWAY, AND THE DISTANCE WILL CONTINUE TO GROW.
WE CAN SLOW DOWN NOW! I'M PRETTY SURE HE'S NOT COMING!
SHH! AT LEAST, LET FRANKLIN KEEP CARRYING THE BOX UNTIL HE GETS TIRED!
AND SINCE NO WITNESSES WERE TO BE FOUND, OFFICER O'MULLET WAS NOT ONLY PROCLAIMED A HERO, BUT HE GOT TO KEEP THE PURSE FULL OF MONEY, WHICH CURED HIM FOREVER OF BEING A HIPPIE.
SITE OF HEROIC POLICE SHOOTOUT 1978
IT WAS INSTRUMENTAL, HOWEVER, IN HIS LATER BECOMING A TRANSVESTITE.
THE END

THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS

IN "TAKE ME OUT..."

BY GILBERT SHELTON
WITH PAUL MAVRIDES
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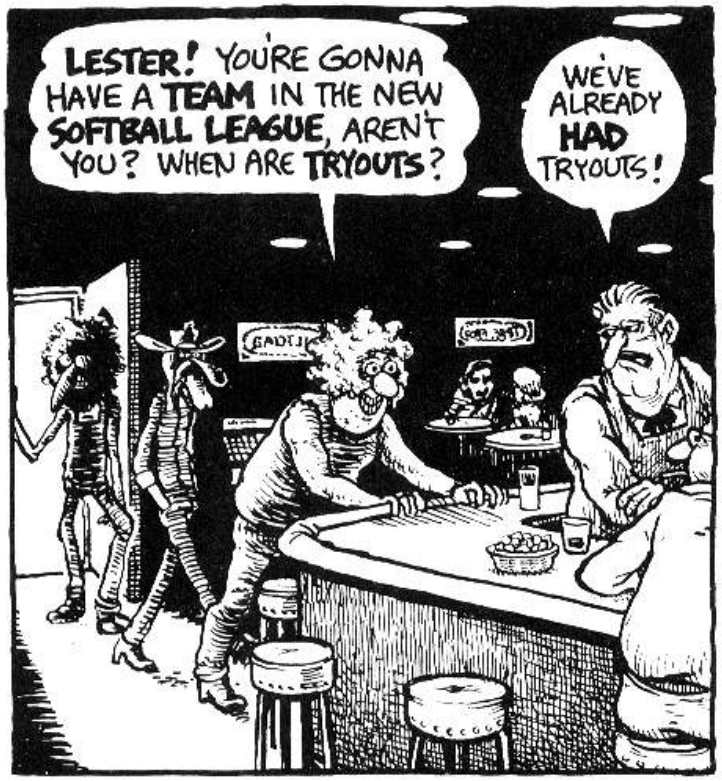
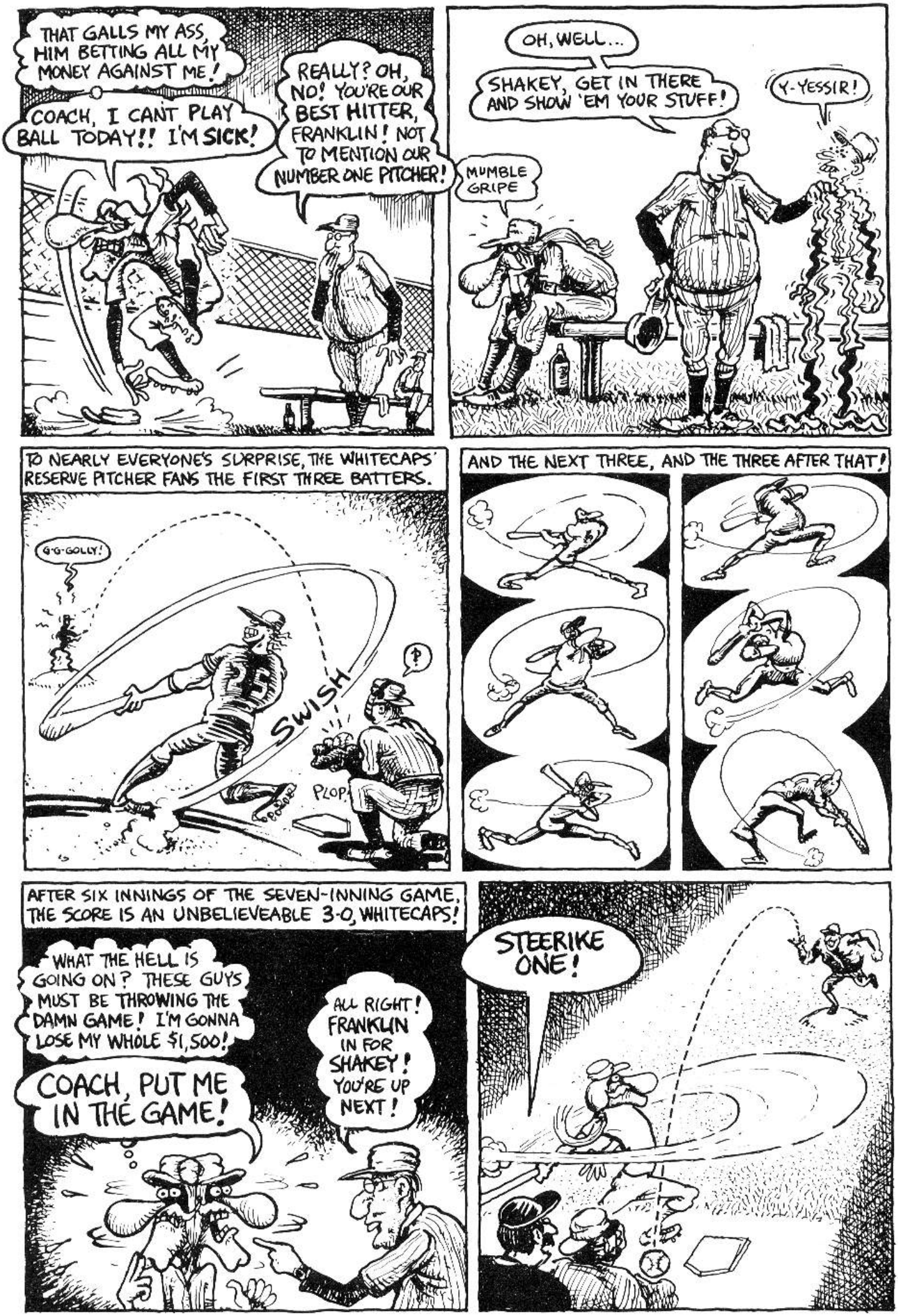


...AND DOWN AT THE OTHER END OF THE BAR IS CANNONBALL CROWLEY, OUR PITCHER! YOU MAY HAVE HEARD OF HIM, TOO!
WASN'T HE AN OLYMPIC SHOT-PUTTER? YOU GUYS MUST BE SEMI-SERIOUS ABOUT THIS SLOW-PITCH LEAGUE!
WE JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE WE WIN IT, THAT'S ALL! HA HA HA!
THERE'S PROBABLY AN OPENING OR TWO LEFT ON ONE OF THE OTHER TEAMS! HERE'S A LIST!
HUNKERSON'S HARDWARE? FINKLESTEIN'S FURNITURE?
LISTEN, DON'T YOU HAVE A RESERVE ROSTER IN CASE SOMEONE GETS AN INJURY? DO YOU NEED AN EQUIPMENT MANAGER? A GOPHER? I'LL DO ANYTHING TO BE ON YOUR TEAM!
OKAY, I'LL PUT YOU ON OUR RESERVE LIST, BUT THAT MEANS YOU CAN'T SIGN UP FOR ANY OTHER TEAM! YOU MIGHT NEVER PLAY IN AN ACTUAL GAME!
WHAT A SORRY SELL-OUT! HE GAVE UP HIS CHANCE TO PLAY JUST TO MAKE SURE HE'S ON A WINNING TEAM!
WELL, THAT JUST LEAVES MORE POSITIONS OPEN FOR US!
TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, PHINEAS IS ABLE TO FIND A SPOT AS CATCHER FOR THE WHOLE THING HEALTH FOOD STORE RUTABAGAS...
SMOKE'S KAK NOW
The Whole Thing
HEY! GIVE ME SOME MONEY!
SALE ORGANIC SHOES
SOY CLUSTERS
...WHILE FREEWHEELIN' FRANKLIN, FEIGNING ARM TROUBLE, IS ABLE TO BULLSHIT HIS WAY ON AS A PITCHER FOR THE DINGBAT'S DRUG STORE WHITECAPS.

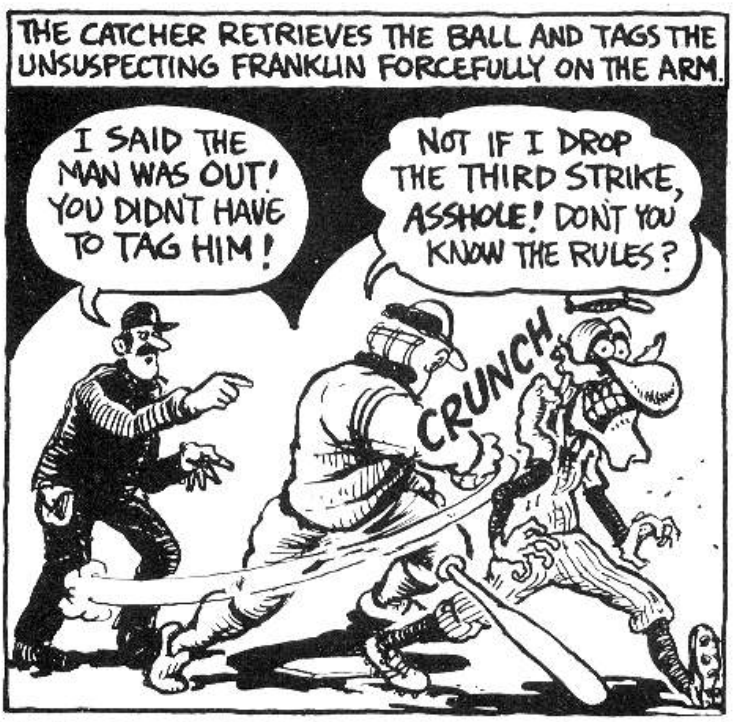
IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW, EACH MEMBER OF OUR TRIO TRAINS IN HIS OWN SPECIAL WAY...
ALL RIGHT, FELLOW RUTABAGAS, THIS IS A SOFTBALL AND THIS IS A BAT...
WANT TO DO SOME WARM-UPS, FRANKLIN?
NAW, I'M SAVING MY ARM FOR THE SEASON! YOU GUYS GO AHEAD AND I'LL WATCH THE STORE!
FINALLY, THE START OF THE SEASON DRAWS NIGH...
WE GOT OUR UNIFORMS TODAY! THEY'RE TIE-DYED! EACH ONE IS DIFFERENT!
OLD MISTER DINGBAT AT THE DRUGSTORE IS REAL CONSERVATIVE! WE GOT THESE TRADITIONAL UNIFORMS!
JUST CALL ME TY COBB!
HOW ABOUT TY STICK?
WHERE'S YOUR UNIFORM, FAT FREDDY?
AW, ALL I GOT WAS THIS CAP BECAUSE I'M ONLY ON THE RESERVE LIST!
BUT IT'S A LESTER'S BAR CAP, AND IN THE YEARS TO COME, AS I WALK DOWN MAIN STREET IN THIS CAP, EVERYONE IS GOING TO BE THINKING "CHAMPION!" WHEN THEY SEE ONE OF YOU GUYS, THE MOST THEY'RE GONNA THINK IS, "SECOND PLACE!"
FAT FREDDY, YOU COULD BE LAUGHING OUT OF THE OTHER SIDE OF YOUR MOUTH AFTER SATURDAY'S OPENING GAME WITH THE RUTABAGAS!
PZZPBST!
YOU GUYS ARE OPENING AGAINST LESTER'S? JEEZ, THEY'RE GONNA CREAM YOU!
YOU TOO, HUH? WELL, LISTEN, WE RUTABAGAS ARE ONLY IN IT FOR THE FUN, BUT I BET WE COULD BEAT ANY TEAM IN THE LEAGUE ON A GOOD DAY!
BET? HMMM... THAT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA!
FAT FREDDY, ARE THEY TAKING BETS ON THE GAME AT THE BAR?
YEAH, BUT THE ODDS ARE TEN TO ONE FOR LESTER'S, AND IT'S A HUNDRED DOLLAR MINIMUM BET! THAT MEANS YOU'D ONLY WIN TEN DOLLARS ON A HUNDRED-BUCK BET!
PUT ME IN FOR FIVE HUNDRED, WILL YA? THAT MEANS I MAKE FIFTY, RIGHT?
YEAH! SURE BET!
SUGAR

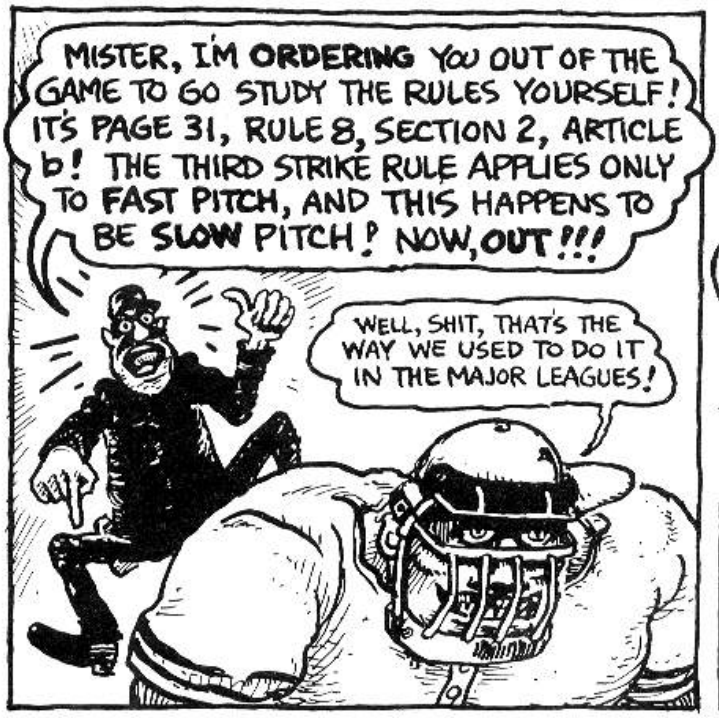
THAT EVENING:
SO YOU LOST 43-0, HUH? WELL, DON'T TAKE IT TOO HARD! IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?
I MEAN, I WON FIFTY DOLLARS ON THAT GAME!
MAKE THAT TWENTY-FIVE, FRANKLIN! I HAD TO BUY A ROUND OF DRINKS WITH YOUR WINNINGS BEFORE I COULD LEAVE THE BAR!
AS THE SEASON PROGRESSES, THE DOMINANCE OF LESTER'S BAR CONTINUES WITHOUT REMISSION.
LESTER'S BEAT THE WHITECAPS 24-6, HUH?
YEAH, BUT IT WAS A RELATIVELY CLOSE GAME!
YOU SHOULD HAVE GONE AHEAD AND BET WITH LESTER'S LIKE YOU'VE BEEN DOING ALL SEASON!
I KNOW, BUT IT'S NOT ETHICAL TO BET AGAINST YOUR OWN TEAM!
WE PLAY THE RUTABAGAS AGAIN THIS WEEK! THIS TIME THE ODDS ARE TWENTY TO ONE!
THAT MEANS I HAVE TO PUT UP A THOUSAND DOLLARS TO MAKE FIFTY?
(SIGH...) GO AHEAD, FRANKLIN! IT'S A PRETTY SAFE BET!
SURE ENOUGH, THE SECOND GAME BETWEEN LESTER'S AND THE RUTABAGAS IS EVEN WORSE THAN THE FIRST.
PUT ON YOUR HAT AND YOUR BASEBALL SUIT, RUTABAGAS, RUTABAGAS, ROOT ROOT ROOT!
SPIRO AGNEW MEM FIELD
LESTERS
RUTA
6
5
0
WE'VE GOT THE BEST CHEERING SECTION, ANYHOW!

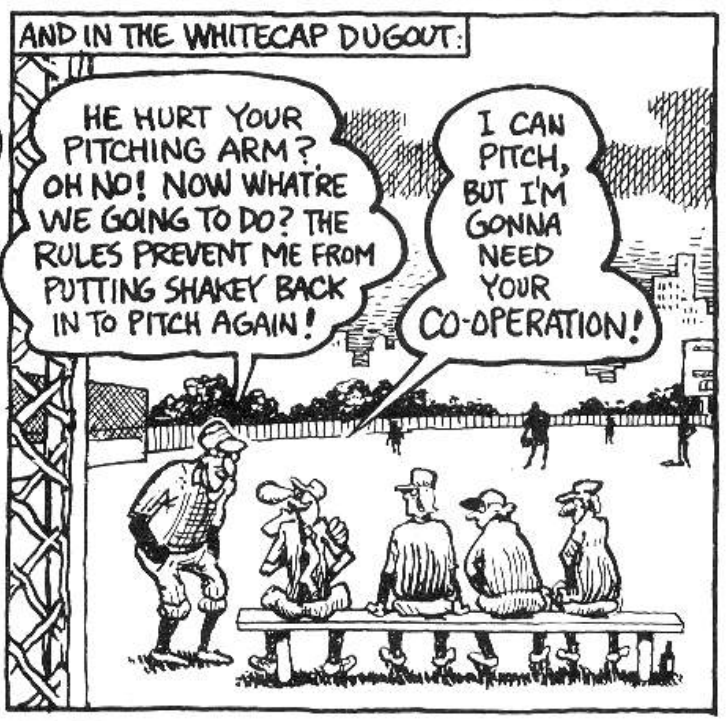
I DON'T SEE HOW ANYBODY MAKES ANY MONEY WITH US SO HEAVILY FAVORED!
...ONE THOUSAND, TWENTY, FORTY, FIFTY!
WE AIN'T IN IT FOR THE MONEY! WE'RE ONLY IN IT TO WIN!
TALL STOUT TOAD
GOSH, WHAT A BUNCH OF GREAT SPORTS!
POUR EVERYONE A DRINK, LESTER! COURTESY OF FREDDY FREEKOWTSKI!
AS FREDDY LEAVES...
HOW DO YOU PLAN TO MAKE BACK ALL THE MONEY YOU'RE PAYING US, LESTER?
I'VE GOT IT ALL PLANNED! WE KEEP WINNING BY BIG SCORES FOR THE FIRST 17 GAMES, AND BUILD THE ODDS WAY UP!
...THEN WE LOSE THIS LAST GAME AT THE END OF THE REGULAR SCHEDULE! THAT'S THE DINGBAT'S DRUG STORE WHITECAPS! THEY WERE OUR CLOSEST OPPONENTS SO FAR!
BY THE TIME THE AFOREMENTIONED LAST GAME IS TO TAKE PLACE, LESTER'S BAR HAS CLINCHED FIRST POSITION WITH A WON-LOST RECORD OF 17-0. THE WHITECAPS ARE A DISTANT SECOND WITH A 14-3. WE JOIN THEM AS THEY ARE GOING THROUGH WARMUPS AT SUNRISE-TO-SUNSET PARK.
MEANWHILE, BEHIND THE GRANDSTANDS, A HEATED DISCUSSION IS GOING ON:
YOU TOOK MY MONEY AND BET IT AGAINST MY TEAM? WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK GIVES YOU THE RIGHT...
AW, FRANKLIN, I ONLY DID WHAT I'VE BEEN DOING FOR YOU ALL SEASON! DON'T WORRY! WE'RE FAVORED 15-1 TO BEAT YOU GUYS!
LOOK, I'VE ALREADY WON $1,000 FOR YOU SO FAR THIS YEAR!


THAT GALLS MY ASS, HIM BETTING ALL MY MONEY AGAINST ME!
COACH, I CAN'T PLAY BALL TODAY!! I'M SICK!
REALLY? OH, NO! YOU'RE OUR BEST HITTER, FRANKLIN! NOT TO MENTION OUR NUMBER ONE PITCHER!
OH, WELL...
SHAKEY, GET IN THERE AND SHOW 'EM YOUR STUFF!
Y-YESSIR!
MUMBLE GRIPE
TO NEARLY EVERYONE'S SURPRISE, THE WHITECAPS' RESERVE PITCHER FANS THE FIRST THREE BATTERS.
G-G-GOLLY!
SWISH
?
PLOP
AND THE NEXT THREE, AND THE THREE AFTER THAT!
AFTER SIX INNINGS OF THE SEVEN-INNING GAME, THE SCORE IS AN UNBELIEVEABLE 3-0, WHITECAPS!
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON? THESE GUYS MUST BE THROWING THE DAMN GAME! I'M GONNA LOSE MY WHOLE $1,500!
COACH, PUT ME IN THE GAME!
ALL RIGHT! FRANKLIN IN FOR SHAKEY! YOU'RE UP NEXT!
STEERIKE ONE!

FRANKLIN WHIFFS CONVINCINGLY, BUT THE CATCHER INEXPLICABLY **DROPS** THE LAST PITCH.
STEERIKE THREE! THE BATTER IS OUT! THE SIDE IS RETIRED! BOTTOM OF THE SEVENTH!
FLOP.


THE CATCHER RETRIEVES THE BALL AND TAGS THE UNSUSPECTING FRANKLIN FORCEFULLY ON THE ARM.
I SAID THE MAN WAS OUT! YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO TAG HIM!
NOT IF I DROP THE THIRD STRIKE, ASSHOLE! DON'T YOU KNOW THE RULES?
CRUNCH


MISTER, I'M **ORDERING** YOU OUT OF THE GAME TO GO STUDY THE RULES YOURSELF! IT'S PAGE 31, RULE 8, SECTION 2, ARTICLE b! THE THIRD STRIKE RULE APPLIES ONLY TO **FAST PITCH**, AND THIS HAPPENS TO BE **SLOW PITCH**! NOW, **OUT**!!!
WELL, SHIT, THAT'S THE WAY WE USED TO DO IT IN THE MAJOR LEAGUES!


AND IN THE WHITECAP DUGOUT:
HE HURT YOUR PITCHING ARM? OH NO! NOW WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO? THE RULES PREVENT ME FROM PUTTING SHAKEY BACK IN TO PITCH AGAIN!
I CAN PITCH, BUT I'M GONNA NEED YOUR CO-OPERATION!

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

YASS, I AM A DOCKTOR! VAT ISS DER PROBLEM?
IT'S MY ARM, DOC! IT'S BRUISED AND IT'S HURTING LIKE HELL! I NEED SOME KIND OF PAIN KILLER!

I AM SORRY, BUT I HAFF BROUGHT NO PAIN-KILLINK MEDICINES VIT ME!
THAT'S OKAY, DOC! JUST WRITE ME A SCRIP, AND THE PHARMACIST HERE CAN FILL THE ORDER FROM THIS SUPPLY OF DRUGS THAT I BROUGHT FROM HIS STORE!
VELL, VAHT HAFF VE HERE?
DRUGS? FROM MY STORE?
TAKE IT EASY, COACH! I ONLY BORROWED A FEW THINGS IN CASE OF AN EMERGENCY, LIKE RIGHT NOW! IT'S ALL RIGHT, ISN'T IT? IT'S THE DOCTOR'S ORDERS!
YOU'LL HAVE TO WRITE ME A LEGITIMATE PRESCRIPTION!
FERRY VELL! VE SHTART MIT A COUPLE OF THESE FOUR MILLIGRAM DILAUDIDS, THEN THREE OF THESE BIPHETAMINE "20's" A COUPLE OF ESKATROLS, FOUR 15 mg DEXEDRINES...
WRITE WRITE
UH-OH! I REMEMBER THAT PITCHER! HE'S THE FRIEND OF THAT LAME-ASS FREDDY THAT'S ALWAYS MAKING ALL THOSE LARGE BETS...
... A PAIR OF THESE 15 mg DESOXINS, AND ABOUT HALF A BOTTLE OF THIS TASTY ALPHA-THER!
... AND NOW HE'S IN A POSITION TO THROW THE GAME! I MIGHT BE IN TROUBLE!
(PSST! PSST! WE'LL SETTLE FOR A FORFEIT! A FORFEIT!)
WELL, UMP, SINCE YOU'RE THROWING ME OUT, I GUESS WE FORFEIT, BECAUSE WE ONLY BROUGHT JUST ENOUGH GUYS TO PLAY!
YEAH, HERE'S HIS NAME!
FREEKOWTSKY, YOU'RE IN FOR THIS GUY!
WOW! I'M FINALLY GOING TO GET TO PLAY!
HERE! YOU MIGHT WANT TO DO SOME OF THESE BEFORE YOU GET UP, OL' BUDDY!
UH.. GEE, THANKS, FRANKLIN!
THEY DON'T HAVE TO FORFEIT! THAT GUY THERE IS THEIRS! HIS NAME IS FREDDY FREEKOWTSKY!
IS THAT RIGHT? LET ME SEE A COPY OF YOU GUYS' ROSTER!

YOU... YOU GAVE HIM ALL THOSE PILLS?
THAT'S RIGHT, COACH! NOW I'M GONNA WALK THEIR FIRST THREE BATTERS TO GET TO THE EASY PART OF THE LINEUP!
HUP HUP HUP
...SO DON'T PANIC! IT'S MY STRATEGY!
TO FAT FREDDY, HIS BRAIN FILLED WITH SEMI-LETHAL DOSES OF TWELVE DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF DANGEROUS DRUGS, THE BALL SEEMS TO BE FLOATING IN AT A MERE ONE OR TWO MILES PER HOUR, BIG AS A PUMPKIN.
Toss
THUS, THE BASES ARE FULLY LOADED WHEN FREEWHEELIN' FRANKLIN FINALLY FACES THE THOROUGHLY PSYCHED-UP FAT FREDDY...
NATURALLY, FAT FREDDY HITS IT OVER THE FENCE.
THAT'S THE BALL GAME! LESTER'S WINS, 4-3!
CONGRATULATIONS, FAT FREDDY! TREMENDOUS HIT! YOU GUYS WIN!
SEE YOU WHEN YOU GET BACK FROM LESTER'S!
SUNRISE TO SUNSET FIELD
LESTERS
WHITE CAPS
4
SCORE
3
TAP
A SHORT WHILE LATER:
...1450, 1500, 1550, 1600! IT'S ALL HERE! THANKS FOR COLLECTING MY BET FOR ME, FAT FREDDY!
SAY, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR LESTER'S CAP?
AW, LESTER TRIED TO SHOVE IT DOWN MY THROAT!
THE END

the adventures of
FAT FREDDY's
CAT

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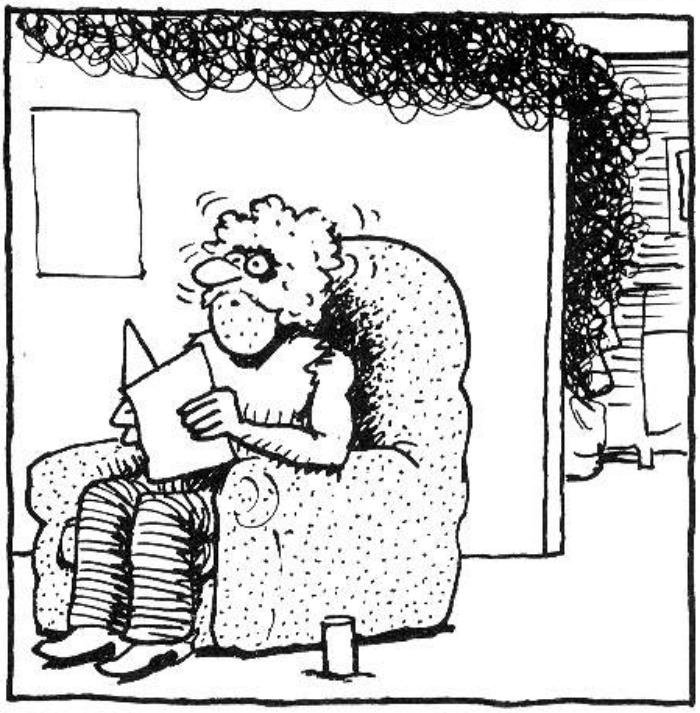


the fabulous furry
FREAK BROTHERS
IN
THE DEATH OF FAT FREDDY
MOAN! GROAN! I CAN'T CARRY HIM ANY FURTHER! HE'S TOO FAT! I NEED A REST! WHINE!
SHUT UP AND HAVE ANOTHER HIT OF COKE!
?
HOLY BIBLE
GIN
BELOVED SPOT
TWEETY
BY GILBERT SHELTON AND PAUL MAVRIDES
© 1980 RIP OFF PRESS, INC.
OUR STORY BEGINS EARLY ONE MORNING, ABOUT 11:30, AT THE FLAT OF THE NOTORIOUS HIRSUTE TRIO.
AH! OUR "WEED-OF-THE-MONTH" PACKAGE CAME IN THE MAIL TODAY!
GOOD THING! I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK WE WOULD HAVE TO FACE THE DAY WITHOUT DOPE!
WHERE'S FAT FREDDY? HE WOULDN'T WANT TO MISS THIS MONTH'S SELECTION!
HE'S STILL ASLEEP, I THINK! I'LL GO WAKE HIM UP!
"MANILA VANILLA!"

PSSSST! FREDDY! WANT SOME DOPE?
DOPE, FAT FREDDY? DOPE?
JEEZ, HE MUST BE DEAD!
HEY, FREDDY! WAKE UP!
FREDDY! FREDDY!!
OH MY GHOD! FRANKLIN! FREDDY'S O.D.'D ON SOMETHING!
HE'S DEADER'N FUCKING HELL, ALL RIGHT!
OH NO! POOR OLD FREDDY! WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?
LISTEN, WE CAN'T REPORT THIS OR ANYTHING! THE COPS WOULD WANT TO SEARCH TH' PLACE, DO AN AUTOPSY, DO ALL KINDS OF GOD DAMN THINGS!
WE'LL HAVE A WAKE! A POTLATCH! WE CAN AUCTION OFF ALL OF HIS THINGS AND USE THE MONEY TO PAY FOR A NICE, SECRET FUNERAL!
HONK SNIF

FRANKLIN AND PHINEAS, WORKING WITH INTENSE VIGOR IN THE ATTEMPT TO REPRESS THEIR SHOCK AND GRIEF, ARE ABLE TO CLEAN UP FAT FREDDY'S ROOM IN ONLY SEVENTEEN HOURS.

YEAH, YOU HEARD ME RIGHT! **FAT FREDDY** HAS **BOUGHT** IT! THE **WAKE** IS **HERE, TONIGHT!**

NO, I'M **NOT** KIDDING! AND KEEP IT **QUIET**, ALL **RIGHT?**

WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET ENOUGH FOR ALL THIS TO BUY HIM A NICE CASKET, DON'T YOU THINK?

THE FIRST GUESTS ARRIVE:

OH, FRANKLIN! IT'S SO **SAD!**

JESUS, PHINEAS, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO **SAY!**

BUT AS THE EVENING PROGRESSES:

FRANKLIN, I KNOW THIS IS A TERRIBLE TIME TO BRING THIS UP, BUT THAT FAT SON OF A BITCH OWED ME **EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLARS**, AND HIS **HI-FI** WOULD JUST ABOUT COVER THE DEBT, SEEMS TO ME!

YEAH, IT'S SAD, ISN'T IT? I GUESS **I'LL** TAKE THE **RECORD COLLECTION** AND THE BACK ISSUES OF **HIGH TIMES** FOR THE MONEY HE OWED **ME!**

YOU KNOW, HE WRECKED MY **CAR** BACK IN **1975** AND WAS SUPPOSED TO **PAY** ME FOR IT AND **NEVER DID!** YOU WOULDN'T MIND IF I TOOK THAT JUNKHEAP OF **HIS**, WOULD YOU?

THERE DOESN'T HAPPEN TO BE ANYTHING IN THIS PILE OF CRAP WORTH $500, DOES THERE? BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT **I** LENT HIM!

HE BORROWED $500 FROM **ME**, TOO!

BON VOYAGE!

$3.00

DEAD BOYS

10¢ each

25¢

CLANG! HONK

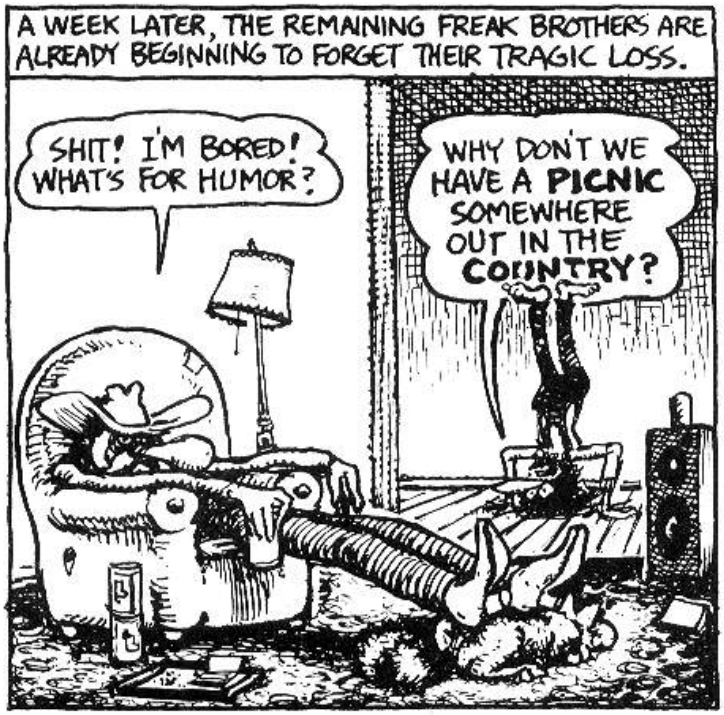
(SIGH!) WE DIDN'T MAKE ANY MONEY AT ALL!

THEY EVEN GOT SOME OF **OUR** STUFF!

WE CAN BUILD A **COFFIN** OUT OF **ORANGE CRATES**, BUT WHERE CAN WE **BURY** HIM?

LET'S CALL UP **JOHN THE BLABTIST!** HE'S A "MAN OF GOD" AND DOES FUNERALS FROM TIME TO TIME!

RING RING RING RING
(URP!) (BELCH!)
HELLO! THE COSMIC CHURCH OF UNIVERSAL UNCERTAINTY!
POP
OH, GOSH, FRANKLIN! SORRY TO HEAR THIS! YEAH, I KNOW WHAT TO DO! LISTEN, WE'LL MEET TONIGHT AT BZZ BZZZ BZ WHISPER...
CLIC CLIC CLIC
AS DARKNESS FALLS:
CAREFUL, NOW! WATCH OUT FOR THE GARBAGE CAN! DON'T FORGET ABOUT THE MISSING STEP!
(GROAN!) HE'S TOO HEAVY! I'M AFRAID I'M GONNA DROP HIM!!
ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT LOST? I DON'T KNOW OF ANY CEMETERIES WAY OUT HERE!
THIS IS THE WAY JOHN THE BLABTIST TOLD ME TO COME!
THIS MUST BE THE RIGHT PLACE! BUT I DON'T SEE ANYTHING BUT THAT BIG OLD DESERTED HOUSE!
THERE'S A FLASHLIGHT OUT IN THE FIELD! IT'S JOHN!
FOLLOW ME, YOU GUYS! IT'S AN OLD FAMILY BURIAL PLOT OUT BEHIND THIS OLD FARM!
AND SO FAT FREDDY WAS LAID TO REST.
(AW HELL! I MEANT TO BRING THE BIBLE BUT I PICKED UP THE SHAKESPEARE BY ACCIDENT! WELL, THIS AUDIENCE WON'T BE ABLE TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE, ANYWAY!)
"Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten that truly which thou wouldst truly know."
"...this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh:-"
NO, WAIT A MINUTE...
"...he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his due."
AMEN!
AMEN.
AMEN.
AMEN.
AMEN.
NAZI BEER


A WEEK LATER, THE REMAINING FREAK BROTHERS ARE ALREADY BEGINNING TO FORGET THEIR TRAGIC LOSS.
SHIT! I'M BORED! WHAT'S FOR HUMOR?
WHY DON'T WE HAVE A PICNIC SOMEWHERE OUT IN THE COUNTRY?

AND SO ONCE AGAIN FRANKLIN AND PHINEAS (PLUS A FEW FRIENDS) HEAD TOWARD THE BURIAL PLOT.
HEY, THIS IS THE WAY OUT TO WHERE WE BURIED OLD WHAT'S-HIS-NAME, ISN'T IT?
I THINK SO! I'D RECOGNIZE THE PLACE IF I SAW IT!

YOU WANT ME TO PICK UP THIS HITCHHIKER?
WHY NOT? ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE!
TACO HELL
SLAR PUS
666

THANKS FOR THE LIFT! I'M FAT RICHIE FROM PHILADELPHIA! PLEASED TO MEET YOU! YOU GOT ANYTHING TO SMOKE?
KILL THE POPE

THERE'S THE PLACE!
WELL THEN, LET THE PICNIC COMMENCE!
PICNIC? YOU HAVE FOOD? WOW!

WOW! OLIVES! WOW! VIENNA SAUSAGES! WOW! POTATO CHIPS! WOW! A BUCKET OF FRIED CHICKEN!
(LOOKS LIKE WE'VE FOUND THE PERFECT REPLACEMENT FOR FAT FREDDY!)
Chips

IN HIS EXCITEMENT, FAT RICHIE DROPS A BOTTLE OF DINDON FAROUCHE ON THE HEADSTONE.
OOOPS!
TINK
CRASH!
THE PUNGENT SUBSTANCE SEEPS INTO THE FRESHLY-TURNED EARTH.
DINDON FAROU
SUDDENLY, A MARVELOUS THING OCCURS:
I HEARD EVERYTHING YOU SAID, YOU SONS OF BITCHES!
ARRRRGGGGHHH!!!
FREDRICK FREEKOWISKI
BETTER FRED THAN DEAD
OH, GOD, I'LL NEVER SMOKE THAT STUFF AGAIN! I PROMISE!
ZIP
IT'S FAT FREDDY!!!
DIET SCOP
FAT FREDDY! YOU'RE ALIVE!
YEAH, I'M OKAY, BUT I'LL NEVER GET THIS SUIT CLEAN!
REND!
SHRED!
SO, WHAT HAPPENED?
AW, I O.D.'D ON THAT IBOGAINE I GOT FROM "DUKE!" COULDN'T MOVE A MUSCLE!
WELL, NEXT TIME BE CAREFUL! WE MIGHT CREMATE!
THE END

The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers'

URBAN Paradise

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